HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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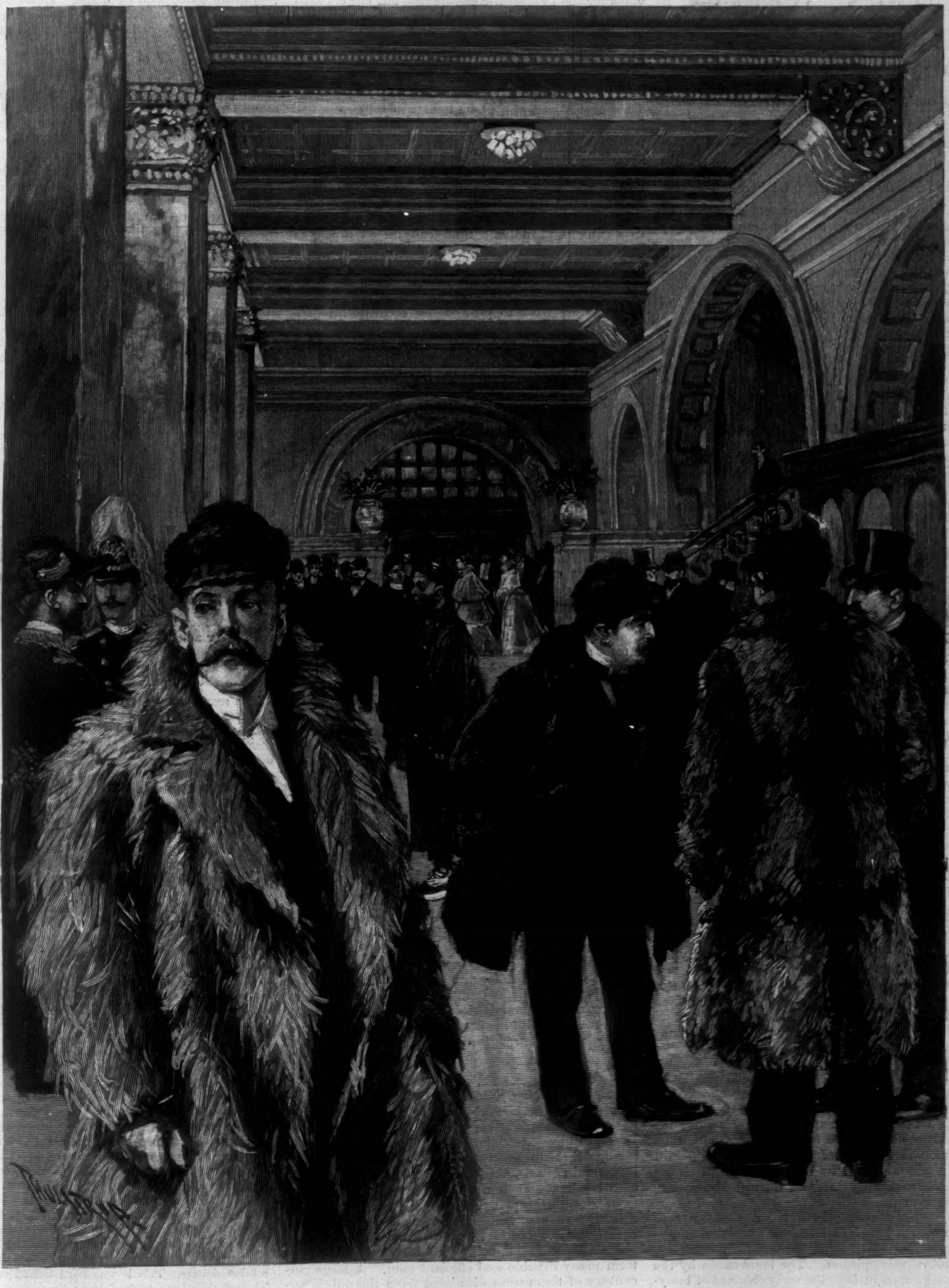

THE LOBBY OF A CHICAGO HOTEL IN WINTER.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 286.]

A STUDY IN OVERCOATS.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

What splendid testimony to the understanding, the taste, and the enterprise of the Messrs. Harper are these several periodical publications—the MAGAZINE, *the* WEEKLY, *the* BAZAR, *and* YOUNG PEOPLE. *They are known and welcomed by everybody. The record of things important and interesting in the four quarters of the world is set forth here in the ablest manner with pencil and with pen. The illustrations are the work of the finest artists and the finest artisans, and the literary product is in keeping. The bound volumes for 1892 are something to own and to preserve. Whoever sees them or thinks of them will want them, and whoever possesses them will be fortunate.*—N. Y. Sun, March 11, 1893.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S OPPORTUNITY.

NO sensible person will ask or expect President CLEVELAND not to be a party man. All that can be asked and expected of him, even by the most exacting independent in politics, is that as a party man he should endeavor to make his party strong by making it in the highest sense useful to the country. This is no doubt what he means to do. The best way of doing it he will easily find by examining his own political career.

The Republican party since the outbreak of the civil war, and long after its close, enjoyed great advantages over its opponent. It conducted the government through a great and perilous crisis. It made itself the embodiment of the highest national aspirations. It won the prestige of having saved the Union and abolished slavery. It inspired large numbers of patriotic people with a sincere belief in the necessity of its predominance. Thus it succeeded in carrying one Presidential election after another. It would, even after the fulfilment of its original mission, have remained in the ascendant much longer had not the belief that the government actually belonged to it, and that a majority of the people would stand by it right or wrong, made it reckless in the use of power, and enabled its selfish and impure elements to gain control over it. So it became arbitrary and corrupt. The consequence was a tendency among a certain class of Republicans, who, after the problems springing from the civil war had been measurably solved, saw in the abuses of power, in the growth of corrupt practices, and in the perversion of the functions of the government for private benefit, the greatest danger at the time to our republican institutions, to cut loose from the Republican party and to unite with the opposition, provided the opposition showed itself capable of effecting the necessary reforms.

The process of disintegration began during the first administration of President GRANT, and ever since a large and constantly increasing number of old Republicans have been ready and even eager to join the Democratic party—as soon as the attitude of the Democracy with regard to the most important questions of the day justified such a step. The first attempt, in 1872, to form a combination of liberal Republicans and Democrats for immediate results failed in consequence of the nomination of HORACE GREELEY; but in spite of this discouragement a large number of old Republicans would then have permanently attached themselves to the Democratic party had not that party repelled them by its advocacy of the inflation of irredeemable paper money in the West and South, and by the predominance of obnoxious elements in its ranks in the East. These circumstances prevented the discontent in the Republican party from resulting in a large migration of forces. The nomination of Mr. BLAINE by the Republicans in 1884 started the process of Republican disintegration again, and it was greatly aided by the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND on the Democratic side; for this seemed to warrant the hope that thenceforward the best men in the Democratic party would obtain and hold the control of the organization. This expectation was not fully justified during Mr. CLEVELAND's first term.

It is generally assumed that Mr. CLEVELAND's failure to be re-elected in 1888 was wholly owing to the opposition excited by his famous tariff message. We are not of this opinion. The issue made by the tariff message was, in fact, the only element of buoyancy and inspiration in Mr. CLEVELAND's campaign. But for this issue the campaign on his side would have been a dead defensive. His defeat in 1888 was owing to the fact that the concessions he had made to the bad tendencies in the Democratic party had not only stopped the migration from the Republican ranks, but driven back more than enough of the independent voters in the State of New York, who had given him a small majority in 1884, to leave him in a considerable minority. The delinquencies of the HARRISON administration, the MCKINLEY tariff, and the uprising of the Democratic masses against the bosses and machines and spoils politicians generally, in favor of Mr. CLEVELAND's nomination, gave a new and uncommonly vigorous impulse to the movement of Republican independents toward the Democracy, and thus the triumphant election of Mr. CLEVELAND in 1892 became possible. But it is a well-known fact that the Democratic preponderance in many States was not owing solely to the number of men who voted for the Democratic candidates, but largely also to the number of Republicans who abstained from voting. And a large portion of these will still be found ready to join the Democracy if certain conditions are fulfilled.

To attach permanently to the Democratic party those who voted with it in 1884 and in 1892, and to draw over those who now stand ready to cross the line, and thus to make the Democracy the ruling party for a long time to come, nothing more is necessary than to convince men who strive for good government in the best sense that inside of the Democratic organization they will have a fair chance effectively to aid in making the party the best existing instrumentality to that end. And to produce this conviction no one man can do as much as President CLEVELAND, with his present opportunities before him. We must, of course, not expect the impossible of him. He cannot, for instance, silence in his party all those who preach false financial doctrines, or wish to plunge the country into adventurous enterprises, or clamor for spoils as the principal fruit of party success. A wise and firm use of his power may accomplish much, but not everything. He can, however, as Chief Executive do one thing which, as to its ultimate effects, will be of decisive importance. He can put the administrative machinery of the government upon a sound business basis. He can demonstrate, not only theoretically, but in practice, that the offices of the government are intended for the service of the people, and not for the sustenance of the small political fry, who use them to get into Congress and other public places for which they are not fit. He can thus open a new field for the influence of men who have the qualities and the ambition of real public usefulness. He can thus prepare the way for Congresses embodying the best statesmanship the country affords. He can neutralize the effect of the bugbears, such as Tammany Hall, whose nominal attachment to the Democratic party has kept away from it uncounted thousands of good citizens. He cannot abolish Tammany Hall, but he can prove that Tammany Hall is not a power in the Democratic party beyond the limits of its local haunt. He can render impotent and harmless the machine built up by spoilsmen by refusing to feed them. In filling public places he can draw upon the best of our citizenship, observe the public interest as the supreme consideration in all his acts, sternly exact the same from all his subordinates, and thus infuse a new moral tone into our political life. Thus he can rejuvenate his party, and fully adapt it to the requirements of the times.

The news from Washington indicates that President CLEVELAND is wisely steering in this direction. It is also reported that Senators and Representatives in Congress are beginning to cultivate an ugly temper, because their "prerogatives" do not receive the accustomed respect, and that some of these statesmen meditate "retaliation." The President need not have any fear of the result. He may boldly appeal to the American people. They will certainly sustain him in every effort for the public good, and every sensible and patriotic Democrat will soon recognize the fact that whatever President CLEVELAND does for the regeneration of his party will ultimately redound to its glory and strength.

OFFICE-HOLDING.

THE widely published statement that Mr. CLEVELAND has announced his purpose not to reappoint to Federal office those who held office under him during his first administration is to be accepted with a large grain of salt. It is not probable that the President has made such a wide and sweeping declaration, because the principle laid down would contradict his own experience and his own theory of what constitutes a sound civil service system.

Mr. CLEVELAND appointed to office during his first term many capable and efficient men. A large percentage of them were dismissed from the public service by his successor for partisan reasons, and were replaced in some cases by men less efficient, but whose political views were more in harmony with those of Mr. HARRISON's administration. Mr. CLEVELAND believes in the retention of faithful public servants. He holds that it is a wrong to the country to turn out of office, merely for partisan reasons, the men who have satisfactorily performed their tasks. If Mr. CLEVELAND had been re-elected in 1888, he would, doubtless, have retained in their places, or promoted, many of the men who suffered at the hands of the headsmen of the HARRISON administration. It is incredible, therefore, that he should have deliberately resolved that he would continue an injustice to the civil service perpetrated by Mr. HARRISON.

Such a resolution on the part of the President would be an assault on the fundamental theory of civil service reform. Those who sustain the presumed declaration of war against former office-holders assert that the President is opposed to the creation of an office-holding class. That can hardly be. Such a contention is merely the restatement, in a somewhat new form, of the old spoils outcry against bureaucrats.

The movement to reform the civil service was undertaken in the interest of efficient administration. The object of the reformers was to secure the adoption of a system under which competent persons might be selected whose tenure of office would be dependent on good behavior. The evil sought to be remedied was the old practice of rotation. There were many glaring wrongs incident to that practice. Among them was the uncertainty of tenure. Government clerks and tide-waiters gained and lost employment on the same great political principles on which candidates for the Presidency were elected and defeated. Under this system the country experienced all the inconveniences arising from the lack of an office-holding class. The country was too frequently engaged in breaking in a new set of servants. An important result of civil service reform must be the establishment of a class of trained and skilled subordinates in public office, whose duties are not affected by their political opinions, who will serve the government as faithfully as first-rate clerks serve private employers, and who, in turn, will retain their places so long as their tasks are satisfactorily performed.

Mr. CLEVELAND has given many evidences that he believes in such a civil service, and consequently it is impossible to suppose that he would do anything to discourage the hope of retention from a conscientious discharge of duties by public employés. The effect of a declaration that former efficiency would not be a recommendation for reappointment, or that Mr. CLEVELAND was opposed to a tenure of office based on merit, would be very discouraging to the friends of civil service reform. If Mr. CLEVELAND really said anything on this subject, he probably meant to convey the idea that the mere fact that an applicant held an office four years ago would not be itself a reason for a second appointment.

THE VALUE OF HORSES.

THE sooner the farmers in the United States realize the fact that the ordinary and commonly bred horse is likely to deteriorate in value year by year, the better it will be for them. The use of cables to drag street cars has already reduced the service performed by horses in the cities, and the extension of the trolley system in the suburbs and the perfection of electric motors will relieve many other thousands of horses from such service. It has not been so very long since nearly all the threshing was done by horses; now only a very small percentage of even the threshing-machines are worked by horse-power. Practically all of the ploughing is now done by horses; but a cheap and practical steam-plough will be shown to visitors to the World's Fair, and it is not improbable that in ten years from now quite a large percentage of ploughing will be done without the aid of horses. The need in the cities and on the farms for fewer horses will tend more and more to reduce their market value. Commonly bred horses will be the first to deteriorate in price; indeed, it is doubtful whether finely bred horses will suffer at all. There is no reason why they should. The purposes for which they are used will not be affected by any inventions revolutionizing methods of tranportation or tillage. Even though we could fly in the air with a balloon entirely under control, a spin on the road behind a pair of trotters or a gallop across country would give just as much pleasure as ever it gave. The horses who get the blue ribbons in the horse shows will continue to be as valuable as ever, while humbler animals—those that drag street cars and ploughs—will be less valuable year by year.

This decrease in value has already been noted, so far as farm animals are concerned, by the statisticians of the United States Department of Agriculture. In 1892 the average value of a farm horse in the United States was $65 01, and of a mule $75 55; in 1893 the average farm horse is worth only $61 22, and the mule $70 68. Here is a depreciation of $3 79 in horses and $4 87 in mules. Notwithstanding the fact that there are 708,662 more horses and 16,429 more mules on the farms this year than last, the total value of the horses and mules has depreciated more than twenty-five million dollars. This is very hard indeed on the farmers. Though they have to feed more than seven hundred thousand more horses and mules than the year before, the stock

in the market is not worth as much as it was the year before by more than $25,000,000. That sum does not really represent the loss, for the horses are eating all the while, and a source of continuous expense. Had this increase in the number of horses been entirely of those that were well bred, the value of the farm horses would probably have appreciated instead of decreased, and the books would have shown a profit instead of a loss. A well-bred horse costs no more in food and attention than a common one, and he is a very much better investment. A horse of common breeding is sure to be a common and uninteresting horse; but one with a crossing of good strains of blood is apt to be very interesting. In such a horse there are attractive possibilities, similar to those that invest a lottery ticket with charm. Who cares to watch the development of the spindle-legs of a suckling colt when it is well-known that the mature horse will only be fit to draw a cart? But what a difference when you look upon the awkward youngster and recognize no reason why it should not lower the record of Salvator or Nancy Hanks! Failing in such high deeds, either runner or trotter would be just as serviceable in a cart as the cold-bred colt for whom there was never any high ambition.

The facts gathered by the statisticians, and the prospects for changed motive power for transportation and for farming, appear to indicate clearly that in the future there will be less and less profit in breeding other than from good strains of equine blood.

INAUGURATION BARBARITIES.

THERE are physical as well as political and historical grounds for changing the time of the Presidential inauguration. This is especially true if the ceremonies are to take place out-of-doors.

On the 4th of March, Mr. CLEVELAND stood on a platform at the Capitol with bared head and pronounced his inaugural address. It was a cold blustering day. Afterwards he stood on the reviewing-stand in front of the White House for several hours. There were few who witnessed this feat of physical endurance who were not anxious for the President's safety. It seems now to one looking back at the ordeal and remembering the day that his escape from a severe cold and possibly graver complications was little less than marvellous. The victims of the day are numbered by thousands, and many strong men will go to the grave as a result of their exposure.

No ceremony is worth this risk and this human sacrifice. If the inauguration must take place on the 4th of March, or in the fall nearer the day of election, its character should be changed. Warm weather is the time for *al fresco* pageantry, and a decent regard to the life and health not only of the President, but of the multitudes of spectators, must suggest that out-of-door ceremonies should not be indulged in in the inclement season.

There are grave political reasons why the new administration should enter upon the discharge of its functions soon after the people has chosen it. These reasons are potent against the further postponement of inauguration day to the 30th of April; but unless the present system is to be radically changed for the purpose of giving immediate effect to the decision of the people, there should be this postponement. If the President is not to be inaugurated within a few weeks of his election, a postponement of six months instead of four does not matter much. It would be better to save a few lives and much suffering, and the dangerous exposure of the President himself, even if the office-seekers are obliged to wait two months for the gratification or disappointment of their desires.

If this is not practicable or feasible, then inauguration should be a simple oath-taking within-doors. Perhaps this would be best in any event, for Washington pageantry is of the crudest.

At present inauguration day is a day of barbarities.

THE GREAT GREEK STRIKE.

THE reader has probably noticed in the daily newspapers the report of the serious strike of the Freshman class of the De Soto University. We had hoped to see this Columbian year pass without strikes, or, indeed, any form of social disturbance worse than the heresy trial; but we find ourselves disappointed even this early in the season. The De Soto Freshmen have gone out, and there does not appear, at this distance, to be any hope of arbitration.

The strike in question is confined to the Freshmen Greek-workers. There does not seem to be any dissatisfaction among the workmen with the Amalgamated Sliding Grecian Scale, but the professor foreman of the Greek shop has made himself unbearable by insisting that the men do more work than they are able. This was brought to the notice of the Combined Federation of American Greeksmiths, with which the local union is affiliated, and which is a division of the Conglomerated Society of United Dead Language Miners, which promptly ordered a strike. While the National Consolidated Aggregation of Latin Diggers' Unions has passed resolutions upholding the movement, it does not seem probable at this writing that a sympathetic strike will be ordered.

The WEEKLY has always held that a strike is the worst possible remedy for the grievance of a body of workers, and we look to see this conviction strengthened by the present case in the De Soto University. We must admit, however, that this strike has been conducted so far in a quiet and orderly manner. There has been no violence to the professor nor to any of the Regents of the University. The police have not been called upon to protect the buildings or property of the school. When the word was received from the headquarters of the Combined Federation of American Greeksmiths at the office of the De Soto University Greek-workers' Sappho Union No. 6, Grand Master Youngfellow instantly despatched Walking Delegate Downylip to the shop and mines with instructions to order the tie-up. Delegate Downylip proceeded immediately to the Xenophon rolling-mill, and in a few words in Greek, which the professor foreman could not understand, conveyed the intelligence to the workmen. They instantly laid down their Xenophons and retired. Delegate Downylip then stepped to the mouth of the shaft in the corner of the room and called down to the Greek-root excavators below. They came up without delay, also leaving their tools behind. In fact, the only implements of their trade which any of the men took with them were their cuffs, which were well covered with notes. In half an hour every member of the union was in the Alpha and Omega Delvers' Hall.

The meeting was called to order by Grand Master Youngfellow. The reading of the despatch from the office of the Federated Greeksmiths by Secretary Callowboy was loudly applauded. Walking Delegate Downylip then made his report, which was followed by a statement of the union's financial condition by Treasurer McYouth. Assistant Grand Master Earlylife then rose and presented a general review of the causes which had led to the tie-up. He formally charged the professor foreman with overworking the men, and demanded that the labor be made easier and the hours shorter. He showed that the regular day's work was two new pages of Xenophon, two old ones to review, and two hundred Greek words of the most jagged and unknown character to memorize. He also vigorously arraigned the foreman for asking questions "having no place on the programme," and for which the workmen were utterly unprepared either on their cuffs or thumb nails. Assistant Master Earlylife's remarks were met with deafening applause, and after he sat down, Walking Delegate Downylip offered resolutions, which were passed unanimously, that the strike be carried on to the bitter end. A boycott was also declared against the Public Library, which was suspected of sympathizing secretly with the university; and after Secretary Callowboy had been instructed to report progress to the Most Exalted and Refulgent Fountainhead Master of the Combined Federation of American Greeksmiths, the meeting adjourned.

As we have said in the first place, we cannot believe that the Grecian workers have been well advised in taking this step. It must result in failure of one kind or another; they will either be obliged to go back under the old arrangements, or their places will be filled and they will find themselves without employment. These men should also remember that they have stern fathers and rigid mothers to whom they will have to explain. Of course, on the other hand, we have no desire to belittle the difficulties surrounding Greek. It is not a language to be mastered by mail in ten weeks, at your own home, without change of diet. It requires patience and a considerable degree of application to learn it thoroughly. Xenophon may not be so difficult as some other Greek authors, but a man who will begin his own name with the wrong letter, and allow two other vagrant members of the alphabet to make a disturbance near the middle of it, cannot be looked to for the simplest of reading matter. Still, the men should not have struck. Arbitration was their remedy. They should at least have tried it first.

THINGS TALKED OF

THE City Club of New York is proving itself a very energetic and efficient organization. Nothing could be better than its plan to bring the Mayor face to face with a large delegation of representative citizens, and let him hear from such a spokesman as Mr. Joseph H. Choate the unvarnished facts in regard to the outrageous condition of the streets and the shameful causes of that condition. It is difficult to believe that Mr. Gilroy, able and bright man as he is, and fresh from the administration of the Public Works, does not know that Brennan is inexcusably and wickedly incompetent, that the law governing his work and his duties is openly disobeyed, and that the pleas he puts in for his incompetency would be grotesque if they were not something much worse. With more money than he can spend, with a law definite in its provisions and sweeping in its grants of power, with no political enemies to baffle or delay him, Brennan has pottered in a way that would disgrace a man who was not dead to all disgrace. Nor is it simply feebleness of mind and purpose—though he is feeble enough—that explains this state of things; it is adherence to the corrupt system of partisan spoils, which is but a form of public robbery. Every passing day brings nearer the approach of the dangerous epidemic which all experts agree must come with the summer heats. Men like Croker and Gilroy, with most well-to-do persons, can, with their families, flee from the pestilence which Brennan is hospitably inviting. But the poor, the laborers and their wives and children in the tenement-houses, the hundreds of thousands who cannot escape, these are the helpless victims that Croker and Gilroy and Brennan are threatening with disease and death. It is unspeakably wicked, and if the people of New York could only realize their peril and the causes of it, Mayor Gilroy—in his hands lies complete and unquestioned power—would fly from a fate more certain than that which the cholera menaces.

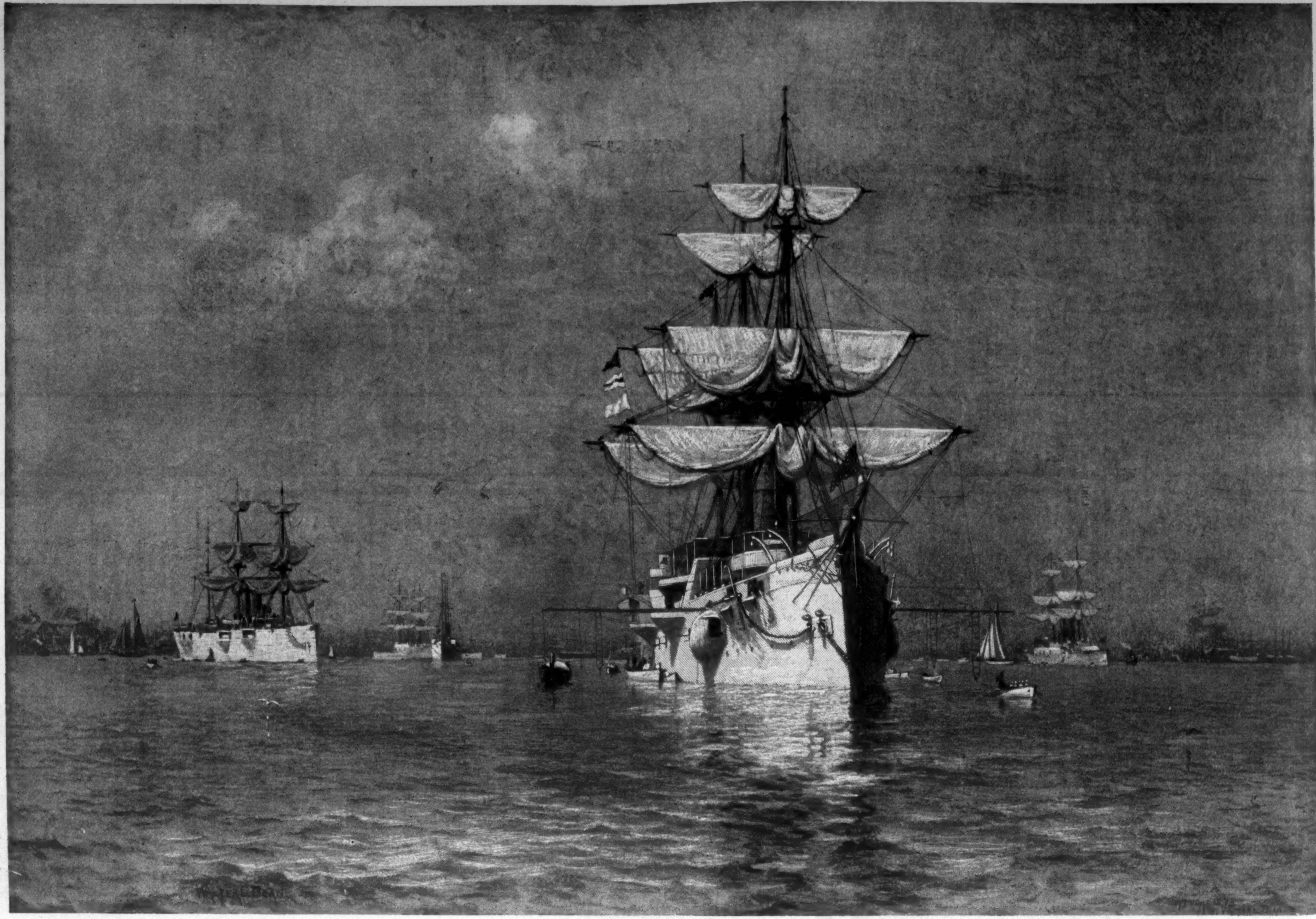
Do the tax-payers of New York—and there is no one who sleeps or eats in New York who does not contribute his share to the taxes—know how much money the ridiculous Brennan has to spend in cleaning the streets? It is two millions and a quarter of dollars per year. This is an average of $6164 every day in the year, including Sundays and holidays. The expenditure of this amount may be spread over the year practically at Brennan's discretion. Assuming that the work for the four months of December, January, February, and March is three times as hard as for the remainder of the year, he may take for those months one-half of the appropriation, or $1,125,000. This would give him $9375 a day during that period. Allowing one-third of the amount for superintendence and office expenses, he would still have enough to employ 1686 carts, horses, and men with which to collect and remove the snow, mud, and refuse from the principal streets. The money is far more than sufficient. There are a dozen contractors in New York who, if this were private work, would make a handsome profit from it on two-thirds of the pay. It is preposterous to say that the streets of New York cannot be kept clean a year for a sum that would build seventy-five miles of railway.

The disreputable machine that governs the "organization" of the Democratic party in this State gives signs of going to pieces, and that is a consummation devoutly to be wished. But one of the forces that have contributed to its disintegration cannot be regarded with much satisfaction by decent citizens. The Kings County delegation in the Assembly and Senate have joined the opposition, and have made possible every defeat the machine has suffered in the last month. Now the motive of these Kings County men is a very despicable one. It is simply a desire to get revenge on Governor Flower for his veto of the bill to protect the Brooklyn officials who were responsible for the stealing and waste of the Columbian celebration, to which we recently referred. That veto, with the message accompanying it, was a just thing, required by the public interest, and perfectly honorable in the Governor. It has angered the Democratic members from Kings County solely because it was right and their friends were absolutely wrong. There is only this comfort in the situation: the machine may be shattered in time to free Governor Flower from the curious bonds in which he has allowed himself to be held, and to enable him to be steadily and consistently as good a Governor as he has occasionally been. That would be an unmixed blessing for him, and would save the State from much mischief and humiliation.

It seems that in Paris, as in ancient Athens, there is a class specifically known as *amateurs de religion nouvelle*. To this class the irrepressible and irresponsible *Figaro* recently addressed a choice lot of gossip regarding the visit of Madame Charles Loyson, the wife of the noted Père Hyacinthe, to the United States, winding up with the statement that the venerable ex-Carmelite was to emigrate to this country, seduced by the alluring promises of *plusieurs barnums*. To which M. Loyson promptly addresses a denial so far as the coming to America is concerned. True, he says, he could make a fortune here, but he has higher aims. "I feel myself," he declares, "more than ever bound to my native land in the crisis in which she is struggling, the true remedy for which lies in a religion acceptable to the reason and the conscience in order to be efficacious in personal and in social morals." This somewhat vague prescription of M. Loyson for the manifold ills from which France, and indeed humanity, is suffering is quite in the spirit of the man, who is a noble dreamer, *doublé* with a restless and somewhat egotistic popular speaker. He does wisely, we are convinced, to remain in Paris, for though he has exhausted some of the resources of his original vogue there, it is there that he can do more good than anywhere else. It is possible that a highly profitable career might await him in the United States, though not probable; in any case it would be a brief one. He has the gifts that would attract audiences for a certain time, but not those that would hold a congregation.. He lacks the consistent and definite moral purpose, and his judgment of life, public or private, is fitful. His last conspicuous attempt to influence public opinion in France was made in the interest of that extremely cheap and vulgar intriguer General Boulanger. That was not a hopeful occupation for an apostle of the religion of reason and conscience as applied to politics.

The daily papers reported last week that a grand excursion to the South Sea, and particularly to the Hawaiian Islands, had been planned by a number of Representatives and Senators. It was all arranged before the late revolution in Honolulu, and the curious part of it is that it was not to be made at public expense. We trust that it will be carried out, chiefly because that accomplished and picturesque statesman, Mr. Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, is among those inscribed. It would contribute to the gayety of at least one of the nations to read Mr. Reed's account of his impressions. However strong a partisan he may be—and his partisanship is sometimes strong to the verge of rankness—he is an acute observer, and a reporter of most charming freshness and vigor. He knows a humbug when he sees it, and he hates it when he knows it. He might come back convinced that we ought to annex the islands, but he would be prepared to riddle every argument so far advanced in favor of that policy. We can imagine the fine scorn with which he would analyze the commercial patriotism of the sugar-planters, and the proselyting zeal of the business "missionaries." And since the rash and mischievous scheme has passed beyond Republican control, there is every reason to expect from Mr. Reed suggestions that would be well worth having as to an alternative policy.

Most of our readers will remember the state of abject dismay into which a large part of the people of England were plunged by the proposal to pierce the bed of the Channel between that country and France with a tunnel. For a time it seemed as if the century had been turned upside down, and Englishmen were living in dread of "Buonaparte"—they took a silly pleasure then in using the Italian spelling—and expected to see the invincible body-guard charge out of the black hole on the coast and the imperial army follow, to lay waste the land, captivate the men, and captivate the women. The fact that a dynamite cartridge which an Englishman could carry in his sack-coat pocket would block a tunnel beyond repair for months was not given a moment's attention. The girdle of the inviolate sea was threatened. The thought was intolerable. But now it is gravely proposed to bridge the Channel; and though this is a project as old as the English railway system, it has been very elaborately developed by French and English engineers, aided by Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker, designers of the Forth Bridge, and it is evidently to be pressed in good faith and with hope of success. It is intended to be nearly 18 miles in length, resting on 72 piers, alternately 1310 and 1630 feet apart, and constructed on the cantilever principle. But if Englishmen were alarmed at a tunnel, what will they say to a bridge that requires six dozen obstacles of a most formidable kind to the navigation of the Channel? But then English panic is a most uncertain phenomenon, quite as apt to be missing when it would be reasonable as to be very unreasonable when there is no occasion for it.



"PEACE."—FROM THE PAINTING BY WALTER L. DEAN.

Accepted for the Fine Arts Building, Columbian Exposition.—[See Page 286.]

THE DECISION OF THE COURT.*

A Comedy.

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE time is late September, and the scene is the parlor of a cottage at Newport, the broad windows of which overlook the harbor. It is a handsomely furnished room, showing that its occupant is a woman of taste. On one side there is a conservatory bow-window filled with flowers, and having a hanging bird-cage in the centre. On the other side there is a mantel-piece, with a mirror over it and a clock upon it. An open piano stands against the wall near the mantel-piece. There is a sofa near the centre of the room, with an umbrella lamp behind it.

Mrs. Stanyhurst is seen seated at a desk near the sofa engaged in writing.

Mary, the maid, enters through the draped doorway which connects the parlor and the hall of the house. She stands silently behind Mrs. Stanyhurst.

Mrs. S. (*looking up*): "Well, Mary, what is it?"

Mary: "What time is it you want the tea, ma'am?"

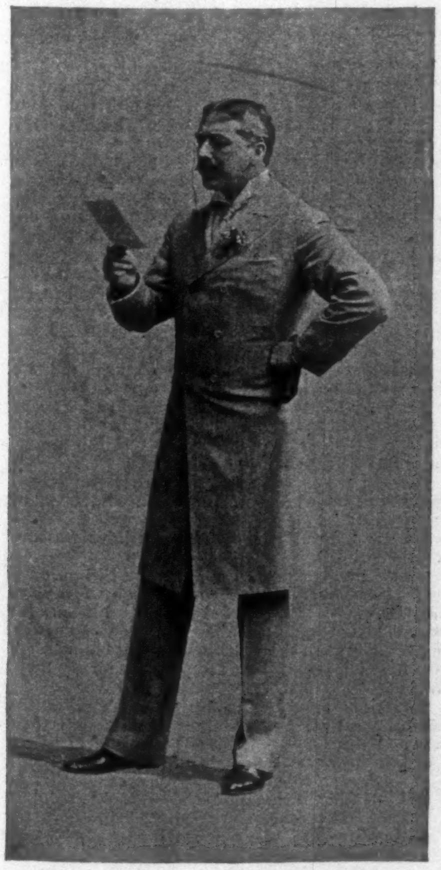
Mrs. S.: "At five o'clock always; you will understand your duties in a day or two. And serve it promptly, whether I am here or not."

Mary (*going*): "Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. S.: "And tell Martha to have the toasted crackers hotter than they were yesterday."

Mary: "Yes, ma'am." [*Exit.*

* This comedy is to be produced in New York by The Theatre of Arts and Letters on Thursday, March 23d, and by the courtesy of Mrs. Agnes Booth-Schoeffel and of Mr. J. H. Gilmour, who are to take the characters of Mrs. and Mr. Stanyhurst on that occasion, we are enabled now to illustrate the play with photographs from life.



"HER PHOTO!"

Mrs. S.: "Where was I? [*Taking up letter from desk and reading it aloud.*] 'If you *will* go to Japan and to India, you must not expect to have the latest news. Yes, it is true that I am suing for a divorce. Algernon and I are absolutely incompatible. If baby had lived, perhaps we might have got along together somehow—I don't know. As it was, we quarrelled every week of our second year, and almost every day of the third; yet when I try to remember what we quarrelled about, I simply can't. But we separated twice, and made up again, and then quarrelled worse than ever. At last I could stand it no longer. And Algernon was disagreeable enough to say that I was the most exasperating woman he had ever met! So you see what a bad temper he has! And he was absurdly jealous; and at the same time he was so indifferent and easy-going that he was absolutely impossible! Well, you know what Englishmen are. At last we agreed to disagree once for all, and to be divorced. So I have been living here in Newport for a year now all by myself—it appears that residence is necessary—and I have sued for divorce on the ground of non-support. I suppose you will smile at this, since you know my income is quite as large as Algernon's. But that's the excuse I must give, so my lawyer says. I have an excellent lawyer, Mr. Richard Hitchcock, really a most agreeable man, who has taken charge of my case himself; and he has been just too lovely. I wish Algernon's lawyer had been as considerate; but his name is Bull, and he is a brute.' [*Spoken.*] I remember what I was going to say. [*Writing.*] 'The case came up last week, and I testified that Algernon hadn't given me any money for months, and that he had abandoned me and left the country. You see, he had asked the firm to let him go over and take charge of the Paris house. Algernon's lawyer made a cheap joke about my being a grass-widow now, and being able to make hay while the sun shines. It's just like him to hire such a man! I will say for him that I don't believe he would approve of it. The judge asked me a few questions, and then he took the papers and said he would think about it. Mr. Hitchcock tells me that we must win, of course. He hopes for a decision soon—maybe this week. He is to telegraph me at once. So perhaps before this letter gets to Chicago I shall have been unmarried.' [*She reads over last few lines to herself, and then signs and folds the letter. While she is doing this,* Mr. Stanyhurst *is seen to pass the windows and to stand before door, where he rings bell.* Mrs. Stanyhurst, *intent on folding letter and on addressing envelope, does not hear the bell. The door is opened, and* Mr. S. *disappears from view; the door closes with a bang. Starting.*] Perhaps that's the decision now! Really, it is a great strain on one's nerves not to know whether one is married or not. [Mary *enters with card on salver. Rising.*] Is it a telegram?"

Mary (*handing card*): "No, ma'am; it's a gentleman to see you."

Mrs. S. (*reading card; aside*): "Algernon! [*Surprised.*] What does he want with me?"

Mary: "He didn't say, ma'am."

Mrs. S.: "Well, you may show him in."

Mary (*going*): "Yes, ma'am."

Mrs. S.: "Stop! [*Rushes over to the mirror over the mantel-piece.*] I suppose I must look like a fright. [*Going.*] Show him in here, and say Mrs. Stanyhurst will be down in a minute."

[*Exit through small door opposite the mantel-piece.*

Mary: "Yes, ma'am. [*Going out, and reappearing at once with* Mr. S.] Mrs. Stanyhurst will be down in a minute, sir."

Mr. S. (*constrained and awkward*): "Certainly, certainly; there's no hurry at all. [*Seeing Mary waiting, he takes seat on sofa, holding hat in one hand and stick in the other.* Mary *exit.*] Really, you know, this is awkward. A man doesn't really know what to do when he has to call on his own wife, not knowing whether she is his wife or not. It is deuced awkward—that's what I call it—deuced awkward. That American judge may have given his decision to-day, you know, and when I'm talking to my wife perhaps she won't be my wife. And it was quite awkward enough before. Still, it had to be done. Wife or no wife, I wouldn't have her think I could do a thing like that, you know. [*Pause.*] She said she'd be down in a minute; but I know how long her minutes are. I suppose she's prinking before the glass. Fancy her prinking for me now! [*Pause.*] It's here she's been living since I abandoned her, as we agreed when we had our last row. That last row!—it was pretty lively that last row—but then so were most of the others. I doubt if any man and wife ever had more rows than we did in four years. And I don't see why we quarrelled either—I'm sure I'm good-natured enough. [*Pause.*] Snug little crib this. She always had good taste; I will say that for her. [*Rises, and stands by desk.*] There's the inkstand the mater gave her, and that's the writing-case the governor had made for her [*Crosses to mantel-piece, and adjusts his cravat in mirror.*] Deuced dusty, these roads here in America. [*Moves up, and sees her photograph on mantel-piece.*] Her photo!"

[*As he takes it in his hand,* Mrs. S. *enters, and stands in doorway.*

Mrs. S. (*aside*): "What is he up to now? Oh, my portrait."

Mr. S. (*holding picture*): "I say, she hasn't been mourning for me, you know. She isn't fading away. She's positively improved. That's it—she's positively improved."

Mrs. S. (*aside*): "He's just as handsome as ever; and he looks as though he could be just as irritating."

Mr. S.: "She has filled out a bit, and it suits her. [*Putting back the photograph on mantel-piece, he catches sight of her in mirror, and is instantly confused.*] Oh, I say, she's been watching me. [*He goes up, pretending not to see her.* Mrs. S. *stands in front of sofa.*

MRS. AGNES BOOTH-SCHOEFFEL.

Mr. S. *is back of chair behind desk. He looks up and catches her eye. Moment of embarrassment. Hesitating.*] I have—I—I have called—"

Mrs. S. (*sitting on sofa, calmly*): "Take a chair, Mr. [*looking at card in her hand*]—Mr. Stanyhurst."

Mr. S. (*aside*): "That was one for me. Clever old girl. I thought she'd make it uncomfortable for me. [*Places chair, and sits. Aloud.*] Thank you. Standing makes a fellow feel so awkward."

Mrs. S.: "You have been abroad, I believe, Mr. [*glancing again at card*]—Mr. Stanyhurst."

Mr. S.: "I got back yesterday morning, on the *Etruria*, and so I—so I—" [*Confused.*

Mrs. S. (*after a pause*): "And what gives me the honor of this visit?"

Mr. S.: "That's what I'm coming to—only you—you—Well, last night at the club I heard two fellows talking about our divorce case, you know—" [*Pause.*

Mrs. S.: "Yes, I know."

"SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, KITTY—MRS. STANYHURST, I MEAN."

Mr. S.: "They didn't know I was in New York, and one of them said that Bull—that's my lawyer, you know—"

Mrs. S.: "Yes, I know that too."

Mr. S.: "He said my lawyer, Bull, had made some sort of disparaging remarks about you, you know."

Mrs. S.: "Yes, I know. And what then?"

Mr. S.: "What then? Well, you know, I didn't want you to think that I had anything to do with it—so I ran down here at once to tell you so."

Mrs. S.: "Oh, you need not have taken so much trouble for a little thing like that."

Mr. S.: "Of course I wouldn't let my lawyer say an insulting word to you."

Mrs. S.: "Of course not. That's a privilege you desire to reserve for yourself."

Mr. S.: "Come, now, I say—that isn't fair. That's one below the belt. Bull behaved like a brute, I dare say—"

Mrs. S.: "Like master, like man."

Mr. S.: "But I try to behave like a gentleman, I hope."

Mrs. S.: "No doubt you do your best."

Mr. S.: "And I come down here to tell you it's all a mistake, and I hadn't anything to do with it; and then you jump on me, as you Americans say."

Mrs. S.: "I'm by way of being irritated, as you English say. Your Bull lawyer was a brute—such a contrast to Mr. Hitchcock! You ought to have heard Mr. Hitchcock describe your infamous conduct to me. He almost made me cry when he told the judge how you had abandoned me, and refused to contribute to my support. Just as if I would ever ask you for a cent!"

Mr. S.: "Your lawyer seems to have been pitching into me."

Mrs. S.: "That's different."

Mr. S.: "Who is this Hitchcock fellow? I've met him somewhere, haven't I?"

Mrs. S.: "Mr. Hitchcock is my counsel. He has been kindness itself—and sympathy. He has the most exquisite manners, too. Of course he simply despises your little lawyer, but he treated him always with the most disdainful courtesy—except when that Bull insulted me, and then he talked back. It was so like you to hire a man of that sort. I could have smiled if I hadn't been so mad."

Mr. S.: "But I came here to tell you I—"

Mrs. S.: "Oh, I exonerate you, of course; I know you wouldn't have permitted it if you had been here."

Mr. S.: "Thanks, I'm sure."

Mrs. S.: "I was just writing to a friend [*taking note out of pocket*], and I had told her that I didn't believe you were responsible."

Mr. S.: "That's really very good of you, you know. [*Pause.*] Oh, I say, if you've been writing like that, then I needn't have bothered to come down here."

Mrs. S.: "*If* I've been writing? So you are still as suspicious as ever. See for yourself!" [*Holding out the letter.*

Mr. S.: "Really—I—I—really—"

Mrs. S.: "See for yourself!"

Mr. S.: "I don't want to read your letters, you know, but if you insist—" [*Reaching out hand for letter.*

Mrs. S. (*suddenly withdrawing letter*): "Perhaps you had better not read it, after all."

Mr. S.: "Just as you like."

Mrs. S. (*looking over the letter*): "There are other allusions to you, which—which it might be awkward for you to see." [*Pocketing letter.*

Mr. S.: "It's all deuced awkward as it is, don't you know."

Mrs. S.: "It is indeed."

Mr. S.: "You see, until that judge makes up his mind, I don't know whether I'm a married man or not."

Mrs. S.: "Neither do I. I mean, I don't know whether I'm a married woman or not."

Mr. S.: "I'm like that fellow's coffin, you know—"

Mrs. S.: "That fellow's coffin? Oh, Mohammed's."

Mr. S.: "You always knew such a lot! Yes, that's it—I'm like Mohammed's coffin—suspended between heaven and the other place, you know."

Mrs. S.: "The other place? Meaning me? Oh, thank you."

Mr. S. (*confused*): "Oh, I say!"

Mrs. S.: "That wasn't delicate, perhaps, but it was direct enough."

Mr. S.: "Come, now, I didn't mean that; you know I didn't mean that."

Mrs. S.: "It's no matter what you meant. I can judge of that only by what you say."

Mr. S. (*protesting*): "But—I—"

Mrs. S.: "After all, this suspense is ever so much worse for me than for you, for I don't even know what my name is."

Mr. S.: "I don't see that."

Mrs. S.: "You don't suppose that I shall keep your name, do you, when I cease to be your wife?"

Mr. S.: "My name's all right. Nobody's ever done anything to disgrace it yet."

Mrs. S. (*indignantly*): "You need not insinuate that I shall do so."

Mr. S. (*protesting*): "You do take one up so sharp!"

Mrs. S.: "I am Mrs. Stanyhurst now, I suppose, if the judge hasn't come to a decision yet. But when he does I shall take my father's name again. I shall be Mrs. Van Kortlandt."

Mr. S.: "You are not going to do that really, are you?"

Mrs. S.: "Why not? You don't think that I'm so proud of having married the younger son of a lord that I'm going to hold to the name after I've cast off the man?"

Mr. S.: "Cast off? I say, you mustn't talk about me as if I was an old dressing-gown."

Mrs. S.: "It's no matter what kind of apparel you are. I'm not wrapped up in you any longer. If I were only a widow, now!"

Mr. S.: "Oh, I say!"

Mrs. S.: "They are making such lovely things in crape this year. But then you never had any consideration for me."

Mr. S.: "You wouldn't have me die just to leave you a widow?"

Mrs. S.: "Why not? When a man really loves a woman he is willing to die for her! Or at least he tells her so. It must be delightful for a woman to be a widow; she can do as she pleases, and make all the men do what she pleases. She is her own husband, and she has no wife."

Mr. S.: "If my widow were to remarry, I'd come back to worry her."

Mrs. S.: "Just as you did your wife? Precisely. As for me, since I can't be a widow, I must be the next best thing—divorced."

Mr. S.: "It is deuced awkward, of course."

Mrs. S.: "It is indeed deuced awkward—I mean, very awkward." [*Pause. Clock on mantel-piece strikes five slowly.*

Mr. S. (*rising*): "Five o'clock. I must be going. I've got to get back to New York to-night."

[Mary *enters with kettle, puts it on stand on tea table before window, lights lamp, and carries table down and sets it before* Mrs. S. Mr. S. *awkwardly gets out of way of table.*

Mrs. S.: "Can't I offer you a cup of tea?"

Mr. S. (*astonished*): "Really you are very good, but—"

Mrs. S. (*lifting sugar-tongs*): "One lump or two?"

Mr. S.: "One, please." [*Exit* Mary.

Mrs. S.: "Do you take cream?"

Mr. S.: "Come, now, you ought to know that—really, you know."

Mrs. S.: "No cream, then. But perhaps you would like a slice of lemon?"

Mr. S.: "No, thanks, no. I don't think I shall need any lemon."

[*Putting hat and cane on chair between piano and fireplace, and sitting on piano-stool.*

Mrs. S. (*passing cup*): "Five-o'clock tea always reminds me of marriage. You need two spoons, of course, and sooner or later they get into hot water."

Mr. S. (*taking cup and stirring it*): "That's very good. That's very good indeed. But then I always said you were clever. [*Sipping tea, and getting scalded.*] The water was hot! [Mary *enters with plate of toasted crackers. She passes them to* Mr. S., *who takes one. Then she puts plate down on tea table, and exit. Watching her off.*] Pretty girl that."

Mrs. S.: "So you noticed it?"

Mr. S.: "I noticed that you never had any pretty girls like that when you and I—"

[Mrs. S. *looks at him.* Mr. S. *hesitates, and then stops, and drinks tea abruptly.*

Mrs. S.: "Don't judge others by yourself. *I'm* not jealous."

Mr. S. (*with mouth full*): "This toasted biscuit is really delicious."

Mrs. S.: "The biscuit? Oh, you mean the crackers? You English really ought to learn our language."

Mr. S.: "Your language? The English language? Well, I like that!"

Mrs. S.: "You would like it if you could only speak it as we do. When I hear our language maltreated by you English, I wish we Americans had kept our native Choctaw."

Mr. S.: "It isn't your native Choctaw, you know; you haven't any red-Indian blood in you."

Mrs. S.: "Haven't I? My grandmother was a Virginian, and I'm a direct descendant of Pocahontas—I'm her great-great-great-great-great-grand-daughter."

Mr. S.: "Dear me!"

Mrs. S.: "Would you like me to do my ancestral scalp-dance for you?"

Mr. S.: "It might be very good fun."

[*Rising and putting teacup on mantelpiece behind him.*

Mrs. S.: "I know that your family goes back to the time of the Black Prince, but I can trace mine back to a red princess."

Mr. S.: "Pocahontas was a nigger, wasn't she?"

Mrs. S.: "She was the daughter of King Powhatan."

Mr. S. (*indifferently*): "I dare say."

Mrs. S.: "That's just like you English; you are abject before royalty in your own country, and yet you turn up your nose at our kings." [*Rising.*

Mr. S. (*standing stiffly behind sofa*): "I didn't know you Americans had any kings."

Mrs. S.: "I've been thinking about these international marriages, as the society reporter calls them, and I've come to this conclusion, that if an American man marries an English woman, it's all right; but if an American woman marries an Englishman, it's all wrong. In the first case they get on splendidly, because the English woman is accustomed to be obedient, and the American man is in the habit of being attentive, and so both sides are satisfied. But in the second case there is slim chance of happiness, because the American woman is used to independence and to deference, and the Englishman is always waited on by all his women—mother, sisters, wife, daughters—just as if he were a Mormon."

Mr. S. (*protesting*): "Oh, I say!"

Mrs. S.: "There is not only incompatibility of temper; there is incompatibility of training. You, now, you—"

Mr. S.: "What about me, now?"

Mrs. S.: "You ought to have married some Lady Hildegarde Fitzplantagenet, who would have been happy to fetch your slippers for you and wait on you hand and foot, day and night. Instead you married Kitty Van Kortland—and we have both regretted it ever since."

Mr. S.: "Speak for yourself, Kitty [*she looks up*]—Mrs. Stanyhurst, I mean."

Mrs. S.: "It is too late for you to make me believe that you don't regret it now. No, you were not cut out for a husband, and—"

Mr. S. (*gallantly*): "If I thought any fellow had been cutting me out, I'd—"

Mrs. S. (*calmly*): "Well, what would you do?"

Mr. S. (*hesitating*): "I don't know. I—I—"

Mrs. S.: "What could you do? Nothing; that's what you could do. You see, I've had a good many hours of solitude in the past year, and I've spent some of them in analyzing your character."

Mr. S.: "I say, now, do you think that was fair?"

Mrs. S.: "Oh, I wasn't unjust to you; I gave you credit for your good qualities. You are not clever, for example, but you are not a fool either."

Mr. S.: "Thanks—thanks awfully."

Mrs. S.: "Your education is lamentable, of course, but you know a lot about horses and dogs, and shooting and fishing, and sport of all kinds."

Mr. S.: "What else should I know?"

Mrs. S.: "What else indeed? Well, for one thing, you might know something about women—about the way a wife feels; you might have learned to look at life from her point of view, and to— [*Suddenly changing voice as* Mary *enters.*] It has been unusually warm for so late in September. Don't you think so?"

Mr. S. (*astonished*): "I? Don't I think? [*Seeing* Mary, *who is taking away tea things.*] Oh yes, I think so too. Of course. I agree with you."

[*Going up after* Mrs. S. Mary *exit with tray.*

Mrs. S. (*at window*): "Those dark clouds over there seem to threaten a storm soon. The equinoctial is due now."

[Mary *enters and takes table from before sofa and puts it before window.*

Mr. S.: "Shouldn't wonder if we had rain before night."

[*Looking over shoulder to see if* Mary *has gone.* Mary *looks at him and then at* Mrs. S., *and then exit.* Mrs. S. *looking at birds in conservatory bow-window.*

Mrs. S.: "And my birds are excited, too; that's another sign."

Mr. S. (*looking at cage with single eye-glass*): "What sort of birds?"

Mrs. S.: "Love-birds."

Mr. S.: "Funny little beggars."

Mrs. S. (*dryly*): "Their open affection for each other is rather absurd, isn't it? But they can't get out of the cage, you see; and, like many other couples, perhaps they are merely making the best of it, and pretend to affection while people are looking at them."

Mr. S. (*admiringly*): "You always did have a way of saying things."

Mrs. S.: "I've practised that speech before. The last man I said it to was Mr. Hitchcock."

Mr. S.: "Hitchcock? Oh, he's your lawyer fellow? I remember now—you used to know him before we were married."

Mrs. S.: "He's a charming man. It's a pleasure to talk to him—he's so quick. He said that flirtation was more fun than marriage, just as a novel was more amusing than a history."

Mr. S.: "I don't see that that's so very clever."

Mrs. S.: "No? Then perhaps you won't approve of my retort that I didn't understand why marriage should be a bar to flirtation. The privilege of flirting is guaranteed to every American woman by the Declaration of Independence; it is the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Mr. S.: "You Americans talk a great deal about independence, but I remember you had a chaperon the first time I met you—at the Patriarchs', wasn't it?"

Mrs. S.: "It was at the Assembly. That just shows how much you took notice of me."

Mr. S.: "I did take notice of you. I remember what I said to the fellow who took me to the dance."

Mrs. S.: "And pray what did you say?"

Mr. S.: "I said, 'That's a devilish pretty girl, that Miss Van Kortlandt, and clever too!' That's what I said."

[*Leaning back on desk.*

Mrs. S.: "Thank you. And what did he say to that?"

Mr. S.: "What did he say? I remember that too. He said: 'You just look out. Kitty Van Kortlandt is a terrible flirt.' That's what he said."

Mrs. S.: "The idea! As if I ever flirted!"

Mr. S.: "You didn't flirt with me, I know that. You wouldn't even dance with me."

Mrs. S.: "You know you dance like a bear."

Mr. S.: "Come, now—"

Mrs. S.: "You English don't begin to know anything about dancing. I can't think what they teach you in your schools. Do you remember the first time you tried 'Dancing in the Barn'? [*Laughing, and crossing to piano, and playing the tune while talking over her shoulder to* Mr. S., *who has followed her across.*] It was here in Newport, at the De Ruyters', five years ago, when they gave their first ball at their new cottage on the Cliffs."

Mr. S.: "You have such queer dances here, you know."

Mrs. S. (*still playing*): "We never had a queerer dancer than you were when I tried to show you 'Dancing in the Barn.' You looked so absurd."

Mr. S.: "Did I, though?"

Mrs. S.: "You did indeed. So at last I took pity on you, and I gave up the dance, and we went out on the piazza."

Mr. S.: "Yes. I liked that better."

Mrs. S. (*still playing*): "So did I."

Mr. S.: "That was the first time you had been polite to me, don't you know. Before that you were always offish. I never knew how to take you."

Mrs. S.: "Perhaps I didn't intend to let you take me at all."

Mr. S.: "I know I didn't think I'd ever let any American girl take me."

Mrs. S. (*still playing, but more slowly, and "Dancing in the Barn" has changed into a waltz of Chopin's*): "You don't suppose I had intended to marry an Englishman, do you? I don't know how I ever came to do it. It must have been the music and the moonlight—I remember there was a heavenly moon that evening."

Mr. S.: "Was there? I don't know. But I remember you looked devilish pretty."

Mrs. S.: "Did I?"

[*Turning on piano-stool and facing him.*

Mr. S.: "You did. And I remember I said to myself: 'I'll risk it. I don't know whether she'll have me, but I'll risk it.' And I asked you to marry me."

Mrs. S.: "And do you remember what I said?"

Mr. S.: "You said you wouldn't. But you looked so charming and so tantalizing— I don't know how it was, but I kissed you."

Mrs. S.: "Don't you think that it was very ungentlemanly to kiss a lady who had just refused to marry you?"

Mr. S.: "I'm not so sure about that, you know. You let me, you know."

Mrs. S.: "There wasn't anything else for me to do. You were a great big hulking man, and I was only a girl."

Mr. S.: "You made me fetch and carry for you that winter; I remember that well enough. You led me a pretty dance, I can tell you."

Mrs. S. (*sadly*): "A girl can be engaged only once, and if she does not have a good time then, when is she to have it?"

Mr. S.: "I dare say you had a good time, as you call it. I know I didn't. I don't like going about to balls and parties night after night, and seeing the girl I'm going to marry dancing with a parcel of fellows who—"

Mrs. S.: "But you know you dance so badly. I simply couldn't dance with you. I shouldn't have had a ball dress to my back."

Mr. S.: "I was glad when the winter was over and we were married."

Mrs. S.: "At Grace Church, by the Bishop, on a beautiful spring morning. [*Facing piano again, and playing the "Wedding March" of "Lohengrin" gently.*] I'm sure it must have been a lovely wedding. The church was crowded, and all my friends were there in their spring bonnets. The music was heavenly—and there are people who say they don't like Wagner!" [*Pause.*

Mr. S. (*watching her; aside*): "She's handsomer than ever. She didn't look better on her wedding-day than she does now. I wonder if— [*Pause.*] By Jove, I will!"

[*Goes to extreme end of piano, so that he faces her.* Mrs. S. *continues playing softly, conscious that he is gazing at her; she changes time of music, plays louder and more brilliantly, and then stops abruptly.*

Mrs. S. (*with a return of her former sharp manner*): "A divorce isn't as romantic as a wedding, is it? Nor as picturesque. There isn't half enough ceremony about a divorce. There's no music, no veil, no flowers, no bridemaids, no

Bishop. They'll never make divorce really popular with the women till it is as spectacular as a wedding, with ushers, and best men, and pretty girls, and cake—cake to take home in a box, so that every woman can dream of the man she is some day to be divorced from."

Mr. S.: "Oh, I say, now, that's too bad, really."

Mrs. S.: "And of course there would have to be something to correspond with the honey-moon and the wedding trip. Perhaps the happy pair who had just been divorced would go on a little journey around the world, one east and one west, with an understanding that they should pass each other in the middle of the Pacific Ocean."

Mr. S.: "When we were married we went home, you know."

Mrs. S. "It was home for you, of course, but it was exile for me."

Mr. S. (*stiffly*): "My people were good to you, weren't they? The governor thought you were no end of fun."

Mrs. S.: "Yes; I received the welcome of a professional humorist."

Mr. S.: "The mater liked you. You can't deny that, can you?"

Mrs. S.: "I think she did—in her way. The first time we met she told me she was so glad you had a wife to keep you out of mischief."

Mr. S. (*exultingly*): "She never would have said that if she hadn't cottoned to you from the start, would she?"

Mrs. S.: "And she said she was glad to find I had so little Yankee twang—as if we were Yankees in New York! And she has an English accent of her own as thick as a London fog. You could cut it with a knife [*imitating*], don't you know." [*Rising.*

Mr. S. (*stiffly again*): "I think all my people were very civil to you."

Mrs. S. (*bitterly*): "Yes, as war is sometimes civil, and then the wounds rankle longest."

Mr. S.: "The governor was nice to you—nicer than he is to me half the time. And the mater—"

Mrs. S. (*impatiently*): "No doubt the governor and the mater, as you call them, meant to be nice, as you say. They were as nice as they knew how. [*Sitting on sofa.*] But, oh, how hard it was to be in the same house with such simple folks! I'm complicated, I am, and intricate; I'm modern and nineteenth century. And your father and mother are simple beyond belief, simple with a prehistoric simplicity—so simple that when I saw them go out for a walk together, I was always expecting that the robins would come and cover them up with leaves."

Mr. S.: "You are deuced hard on my people. Now I never say anything about yours."

Mrs. S.: "How can you? You had an unfair advantage when we married. I'm an orphan."

Mr. S.: "There's your brother, you know."

Mrs. S.: "I know what you were going to say. Well, it's true, he does drink, sometimes—but then he is frequently sober."

Mr. S.: "I wasn't going to say it. I don't care if he gets as drunk as a lord. That might happen to any fellow, you know. After the second bottle, wine goes to my head sometimes."

Mrs. S.: "It's no news that nature abhors a vacuum."

Mr. S.: "I don't see anything funny in that."

Mrs. S. (*laughing*): "Don't you? Well, perhaps it was unfair. Don't mind my being sharp with you to-day. There's a storm coming, and my nerves are unstrung."

Mr. S. (*leaning over the back of the sofa*): "Do you remember that storm we had crossing the Channel when we went over to the continent?"

Mrs. S. (*shuddering*): "Shall I ever forget it? I thought I should never see land again. But you—I will say that for you—you were not a bit frightened."

Mr. S. (*laughing lightly*): "Frightened? There was only a capful of wind."

Mrs. S.: "It ruffled the feathers in my cap, I can tell you; and I was glad to get my foot on shore again. I did enjoy my first dinner in Paris: you hadn't any idea where Worth's was, but you knew all the good restaurants."

Mr. S.: "They give you filthy things to eat in Paris, if you don't know where to go."

Mrs. S.: "Yes, we had a good time in Paris then."

Mr. S.: "And in Switzerland."

Mrs. S.: "Yes, we had a good time in Switzerland too."

Mr. S.: "It was very jolly, Paris and Switzerland, and all that. We were happy then, weren't we?"

Mrs. S.: "I suppose so."

Mr. S. (*suddenly*): "That's what I say! Well, now, why shouldn't we be happy again? You know I always loved you."

Mrs. S.: "I used to think so."

Mr. S.: "Think so again, can't you?"

Mrs. S.: "I don't know."

Mr. S.: "And you loved me then, when we were on our honey-moon and wedding trip, and all that, you know. Is all that love gone? Don't you love me at all now? [*Pause.*] You don't hate me, do you? You say sharp things to me, but I don't mind that, you know. I've got a tough hide of my own, and I don't mind it. Besides, I know you don't mean anything by it. Now come, let's have a fresh start, and see if we can't all get off together this time. It's odds we make a better match of it now than we did at the first meeting. We got along first rate in Paris and Switzerland. I've got to go to San Francisco to-morrow. Come with me."

Mrs. S.: "Oh, I can't."

Mr. S.: "Come with me, and we'll have a second wedding trip and honey-moon and all that. It 'll be better than the first time of asking. Come."

Mrs. S.: "I can't, I can't. Oh, what would people say?"

Mr. S.: "D—— people! Who cares what they say? They say too much always. It's all right for husband and wife to go off travelling together, isn't it? And you are my wife, aren't you, Kitty?"

Mrs. S.: "Am I? Am I *now?* Perhaps the judge has made up his mind by this time."

Mr. S.: "The divorce? I forgot about the divorce! We can stop the divorce, can't we?"

Mrs. S. (*thoughtfully*): "I suppose so. [*Rising and facing him.*] So you think you are in love with me still? I doubt it. I don't believe it. It's all a delusion on your part. And I'm a delusion too."

Mr. S. (*coming forward to her*): "I'd like to hug that delusion. [*Putting his arm about her.*] Say you will withdraw the suit."

Mrs. S. (*escaping from him*): "I can't, I can't; but you may, if you insist."

Mr. S. (*following her*): "It isn't my suit, you know. I'm not going to court to compel you to support me, am I?"

Mrs. S.: "Of course that was only an excuse."

Mr. S.: "It isn't a good excuse, now. I'm ready to support you." [*With his arm about her again.*

Mrs. S.: "But if you did take me off to San Francisco, the judge might divorce us while we were on our second honey-moon."

Mr. S.: "That's what I say, don't you know. You must withdraw the suit."

Mrs. S.: "How can I? [*Messenger-boy is seen through windows. He stands before the door, and rings bell. Starting.*] What's that? [*With hand to heart.*] It's a messenger-boy. He has a telegram. Perhaps the judge has made up his mind."

Mr. S.: "Perhaps he has."

Mrs. S.: "I'm certain it's the decision—absolutely certain. And Mr. Hitchcock said he would telegraph me at once. [*Door opens, and messenger-boy disappears in house.*] I know now how a person feels when he is waiting for the verdict."

Mr. S.: "It is awkward, isn't it?—deuced awkward. But I shall be glad to know whether we are man and wife or not." [Mary *enters, with telegram on a salver.*

Mary: "A telegram for you, ma'am."

Mrs. S. (*taking it*): "I don't dare to know my fate."

[Mary *exit.*

Mr. S.: "Don't hesitate. You might as well get it over as soon as you can. Have your tooth out at once if it aches. I always do. [Mrs. S. *tears open envelope, reads telegram, and drops her arm.*] So that is settled."

Mr. S.: "Is there a decision?"

Mrs. S.: "Yes." [*Holding out the telegram to him.*

Mr. S. (*taking it*): "Let's see. Really, I'm a bit nervous myself. [*Reads.*] 'Court granted your application this afternoon. You are again a free woman. [*Stops and looks at* Mrs. S.] I congratulate you on being separated from the brute who has made you so miserable. Will bring down papers to-morrow. Richard Hitchcock.'"

Mrs. S. (*snatching telegram*): "I didn't mean you to read it all."

Mr. S.: "He didn't mean me to read it either. You can let me go, can't you? Now that Hitchcock has done what you wanted him to do. I knew he'd do anything for you!"

Mrs. S. (*turning suddenly, with change of manner*): "What do you mean by that?"

Mr. S. (*shrinking back a little*): "He's a friend of yours, isn't he?"

Mrs. S. (*insisting, and with rising temper*): "That isn't what you mean. You know it isn't!"

Mr. S.: "Come, now, don't be so sharp on a fellow—don't. I meant what I said, didn't I? He's your lawyer, this Hitchcock, isn't he? And he's got to do what you tell him."

Mrs. S.: "But that isn't all you meant. You forget that I know your ways of old."

Mr. S.: "I say, now, don't let's dig up old bones."

Mrs. S.: "And you said it in time, fortunately. I might have been fool enough to listen to you again. But I'm not going to make myself the victim of your absurd suspicions a second time."

Mr. S.: "Suspicions?"

Mrs. S.: "I'm not going to suffer again from your ridiculous jealousy."

Mr. S.: "Jealousy? I say, now, this isn't a joke!"

Mrs. S. (*coming up close and looking him in the eye*): "Do you dare to tell me that you did not intend to insinuate that I had been flirting with Mr. Hitchcock?"

Mr. S. (*taken aback*): "I? I suggest that? Nothing of the sort, I assure you."

Mrs. S. (*turning away from him*): "Don't be a hypocrite too—don't! Don't try to sneak out of it. To be suspicious and jealous is bad enough, but you might at least be frank about it."

Mr. S.: "Oh, I say, this is really too bad, you know. I didn't say anything about this Hitchcock; I didn't mean to insinuate anything; I wasn't even thinking about his attentions to you. I wasn't indeed. Come to think of it, though, he took your case up eagerly, I'm told, and I know he pitched into me in court. He pitched in pretty strong, too—didn't he?"

Mrs. S.: "He had to tell the truth about you—didn't he?"

Mr. S.: "I suppose the fellow was glad of a chance to get even with me. He knew you before you were married, and I doubt he has ever forgiven me for cutting him out."

Mrs. S.: "There you go again. That's the way you always are. You object now to the friends of my childhood. I wonder what next. I suppose you won't want me to see my own brother next."

Mr. S. (*laughing harshly*): "I don't mind your seeing him, but I shouldn't grieve if I never laid eyes on him again."

Mrs. S.: "That's unworthy of you. Oh, I know what you are going to say."

Mr. S.: "I'm not going to say anything."

Mrs. S.: "You are going to say that my brother has called on you at the office and at the club, perhaps a little flushed with wine."

Mr. S.: "Flushed with wine? He couldn't stand straight. He hung around the neck of the club porter."

Mrs. S.: "I've no doubt it is true, although of course you exaggerate; but it isn't nice of you to say it."

Mr. S.: "I didn't say it, did I?"

Mrs. S.: "I've never accused your father or your mother of drinking."

Mr. S.: "Come, now, I say—"

Mrs. S. (*dropping in chair, and wiping eyes with handkerchief*): "Before we had been married a month, I saw you didn't understand me."

Mr. S. (*impatiently walking up and down.*): "I don't understand you now, that's clear."

Mrs. S.: "I had been writing to a friend this very afternoon [*taking letter out of pocket*], and I told her you had always been a brute to me."

Mr. S.: "Oh, you told her that, did you?"

Mrs. S.: "Do you doubt me again? [*Holding out letter.*] See for yourself."

Mr. S.: "Thanks, but I don't care to see for myself."

Mrs. S.: "I told her there was not merely a personal disagreement between us; there was also a total international incompatibility. No Englishman could make an American woman happy; and that I never expected to set eyes on you again, and that I didn't want to. [*Looking over letter.*] I thought I wrote her that. But that must have been in a letter to somebody else." [*Putting letter in pocket.*

Mr. S.: "If there are two women you've been telling you don't want to see me again, there's no use my stopping here any longer."

Mrs. S.: "Certainly not."

Mr. S. (*taking hat and gloves*): "I'm going to San Francisco to-morrow. It's odds I never see you again, you know."

Mrs. S.: "True. You will probably never see me again. Well, I wish you a pleasant journey, Mr. Stanyhurst."

Mr. S.: "And I wish you a good-afternoon, Mrs. Van Kortlandt."

[*He is seen through windows.* Mrs. S., *standing, watches him off. Then she takes letter from her pocket, goes to desk and writes.*

Mrs. S. (*writing*): "'P.S.—The decision has just been rendered, and I'm a single woman again. Congratulate me.'"

[*She puts the letter in the envelope, seals it, leaves it on the desk as she rises, crosses to sofa, turns and looks up at window, and then drops on sofa, burying her face in her handkerchief.* Mary *enters, followed by a messenger-boy.*

Mary: "Is there any answer to that telegram, ma'am? The boy is waiting."

Mrs. S. (*automatically*): "The boy is waiting. [*Suddenly springing to her feet.*] Where is the boy?"

Boy: "I'm here."

Mrs. S. (*rushing to window and throwing it open*): "Boy, do you see that gentleman there? The one walking so fast?"

Boy (*out on piazza*): "The one with the cane and the dicer? I see him."

Mrs. S.: "Then run after him quick and tell him to come back—"

Boy: "All right." [*Exit.*

Mrs. S. (*half out on piazza*): "Tell him I've changed my mind! Tell him there was something I forgot to say to him. Tell him— Oh, he can tell him what he likes, so long as he brings him back. [*Pause.*] The boy has caught him. [*Pause.*] He's coming! [*Pause. Then suddenly she leaves window and goes to sofa, standing behind it, with her back to the window.*] And what shall I say to him when he comes?"

[*Pause.*

Boy (*at window*): "Here he is. I got him easy."

Mr. S. (*at window*): "Kitty! [*Stepping inside.*] Did you send for me?"

Mrs. S.: "No. [*Looking around.*] Oh, is that you?"

Mr. S.: "You sent for me. Did you want to ask me something?"

Mrs. S.: "Did I? Yes; I wanted to ask you how long it will take us to go to San Francisco."

And so the curtain falls, with Mr. Stanyhurst's arm about Mrs. Stanyhurst, and with Mary and the messenger-boy looking at them wonderingly.

TO IMPROVE THE GREAT BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

To meet the now overwhelming rush of passengers between New York and Brooklyn on the great East River bridge, an extensive enlargement of the Brooklyn approach to the bridge has been made, and, in a great measure, what is planned for Brooklyn will be repeated at the New York city end. On another page will be found a picture of the proposed terminal station in Brooklyn. The present bridge railway station in that city is west of Sands Street. The one that is to take its place will be one block further from the river, and will cover the block between Sands and High streets. Farther on, a great extension of the tracks over several blocks of the city carries the bridge structure to Tillary Street, and affords room for the future storage of twice as many cars as are now in use on the great arch that spans the East River.

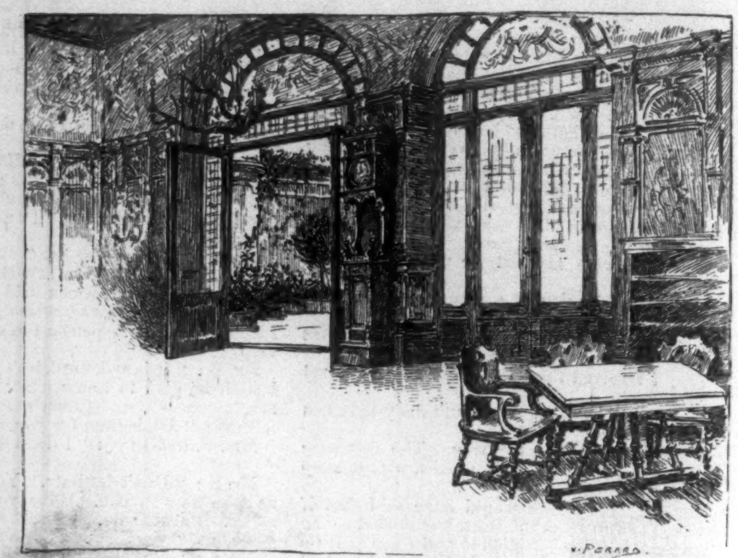
The new terminal station will differ from the present one in having a central landing platform as well as such side platforms as are now used by the crowds which get on and off the bridge cars. The new arrangement will permit the movement of trains on a headway of forty-five instead of ninety seconds, thus making it possible to practically double the capacity of the railroad when similar alterations are completed at the New York terminus. Better yet, instead of platforms eight feet wide, as at present, the new passenger landings will be twenty feet wide. It is to be hoped that when these improvements are made the extraordinary crowding that now accompanies the traffic of this busiest of all American railroads will become a thing of the past.

The great loop of railway tracks shown in the picture is not a part of the Brooklyn Bridge cable railway. It is the terminal of the Brooklyn Elevated Railway. This railway now crosses the bridge tracks at a right angle, one story above those tracks, and the elevated trains now run to the bridge, stop, and are pulled out again. Under the new arrangement they will preserve the present level, and will run through the new bridge depot and back again by means of the great curving tracks that are shown in the illustration. This railway has two routes—one to East New York and the other to the Fifth Avenue, Brooklyn. Instead of taking and leaving its passengers by both routes at one platform, as at present, it will under the projected plan load and discharge the Fifth Avenue passengers on one side of the depot, and the East New York passengers on the other side. It is foreseen that this distribution of the traffic of that railway will have a further effect in lessening the daily crowds on the bridge-car landings. Under the curve of the Brooklyn Elevated Railway tracks is seen, in the picture, the roadbed of the other elevated system of Brooklyn, the Kings County Railway.

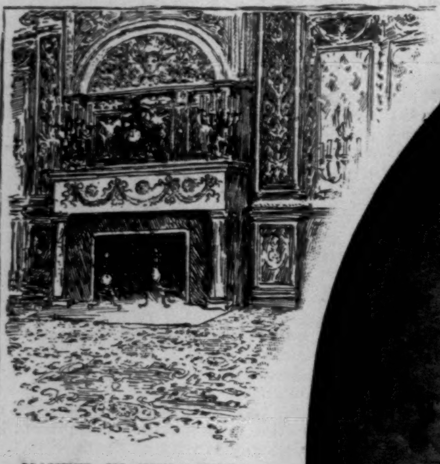
In HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for April the conditions that accompany the travel between the cities of New York and Brooklyn are graphically set forth in a brilliant article upon the city of Brooklyn from the pen of Mr. Julian Ralph. Brooklyn now boasts a population of at least 900,000 souls, and not only a great proportion of the men of Brooklyn, but tens of thousands of the women and young girls, obtain their livelihood in the metropolis. This enormous body of workers in the greater city moves across the East River every morning and back again every evening in two great masses, rendered the more notable because of the few means of communication which at present exist between the cities. The great suspension-bridge is the principal one of these avenues of travel, and the improvements that are planned, and are to be hurried forward in order to grant relief to the people, are of the utmost importance. The city of Brooklyn is peculiar in its character among the capitals of America, and Mr. Ralph's article upon it will be found to contain an account of all that makes it unique.

As has been said, the New York city terminus of the great bridge is also to be remodelled. As it cannot be extended, it must be widened; but the result will be that of practically doubling the value and service of the huge span across the river, which severs the two cities only politically and geographically, for to all intents and purposes they form one great metropolis.

DRAWING-ROOM IN THE STATE APARTMENTS.

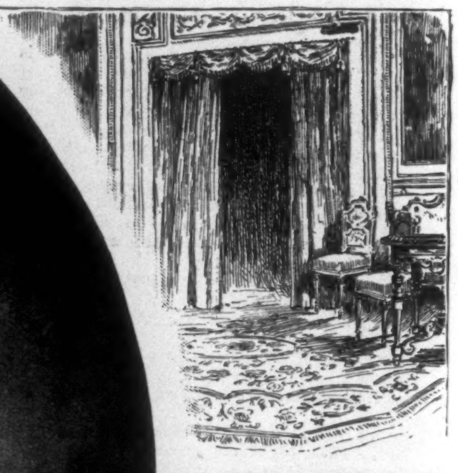


IN THE GERMAN CAFÉ.

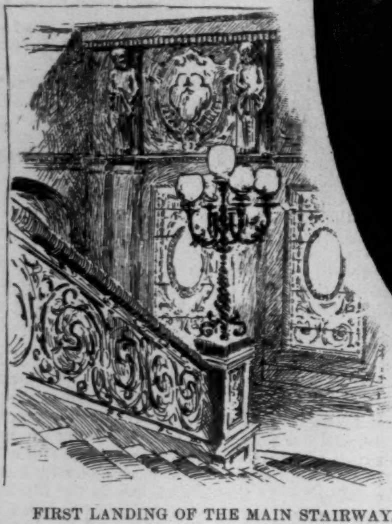


MANTEL IN THE EMPIRE DINING-ROOM.

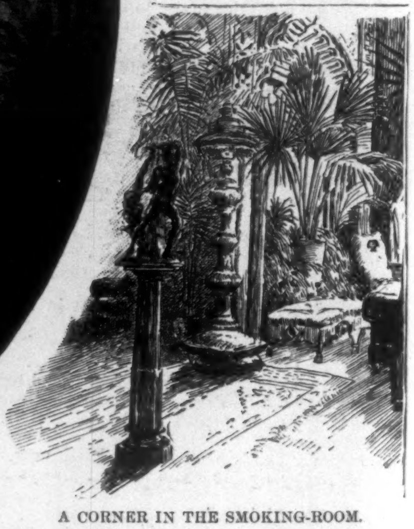
THE PRAISE OF WOMAN.—BY WILL H. LOW.
Ceiling in the Marie Antoinette Salon.



DOORWAY IN THE LADIES' PARLOR.

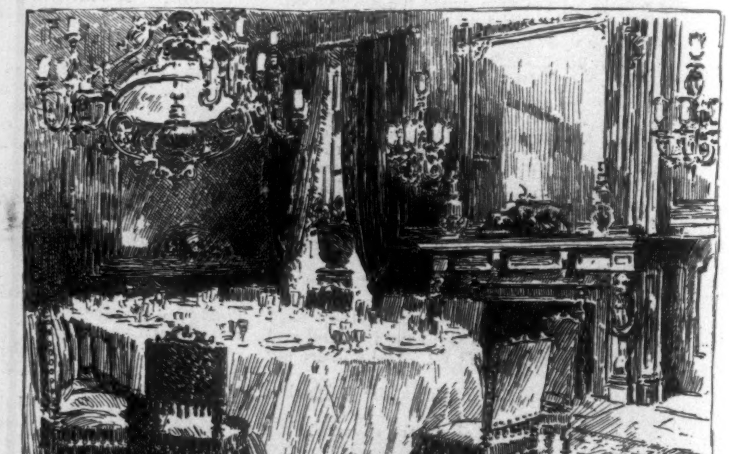


FIRST LANDING OF THE MAIN STAIRWAY.



A CORNER IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

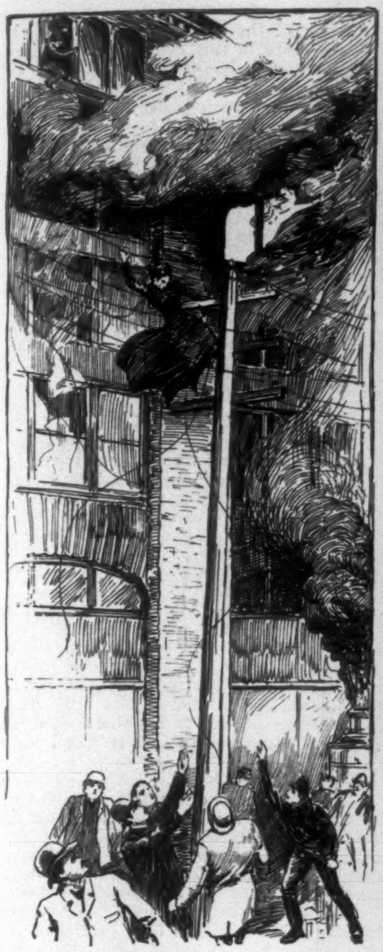
THE BALLROOM.



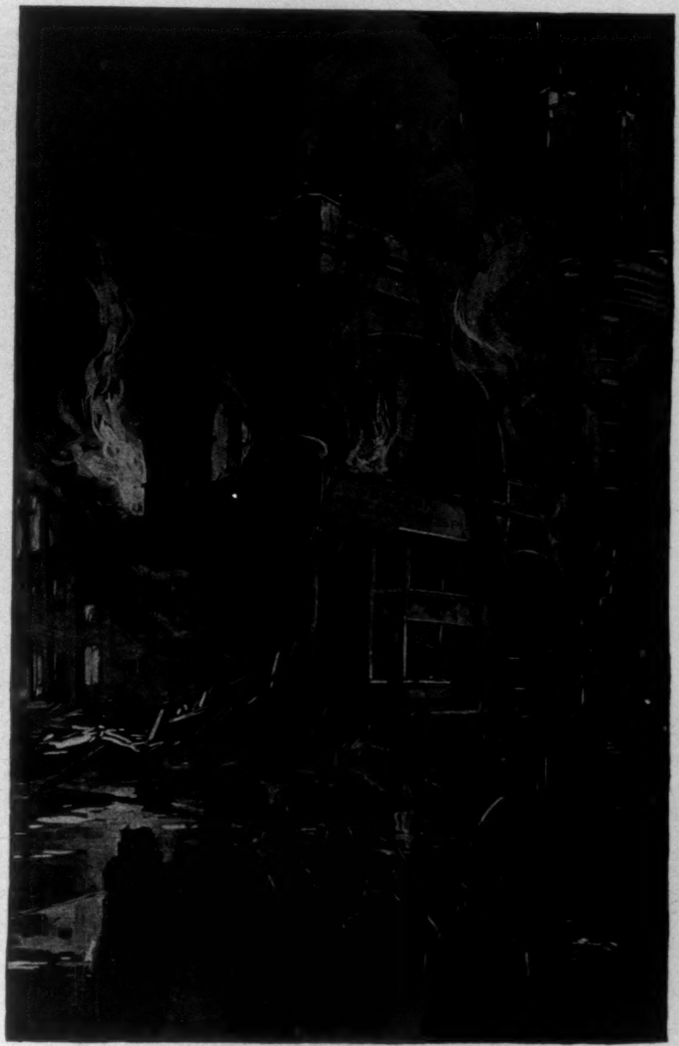
THE ASTOR DINING-ROOM, A RESTORATION OF THE DINING-ROOM IN THE OLD ASTOR MANSION.

FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW HOTEL WALDORF.—FROM DRAWINGS BY VICTOR PERARD, AND A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 283.]

Erected by William Waldorf Astor on the Site of the former Home of his Father, Northwest Corner Fifth Avenue and Thirty-third Street, New York. Cost, $4,000,000.



ESCAPE OF A WOMAN BY JUMPING FROM A WINDOW TO A TELEGRAPH POLE.



THE EMERGENCY HOSPITAL IN KINGSTON STREET.

CHIEF JOHN F. EGAN ESCAPING BY AN ELECTRIC CABLE.

RUINS OF THE AMES BUILDING.

THE THREE-MILLION-DOLLAR BOSTON FIRE.

Drawn by Al Hencke and Warren B. Davis, after Sketches made on the Spot by Bert Poole.—[See Page 286.]

BALLADS OF TO-DAY.

RAPID TRANSIT: UP OR DOWN?

Oh, the question that is agitating now the public mind
Is indeed the most important of the agitating kind,
And is, briefly, how the dickens can the uptown resident
Get to business ere the morning is at least three-quarters spent?

"Rapid transit! rapid transit!" is the slogan of the day.
"Rapid transit!" chirps the cricket; "Rapid transit!" moans the bay.
"Let us have it, let us have it," cries the robin in the park;
"Let us have it, let us have it," e'en the little doggies bark.

"We will give it, we will give it," the commissioners reply,
"If you'll tell us how you'd like it—down below or up on high.
Do you want a stilted railway with connections with the stars?
Do you want to ride down underground in gas-inflated cars?

"Do you want a sixteen-storied iron elevated road?
Shall we run it through your cellar or on top of your abode?
Would you like a tight-rope railway 'twixt two Eiffel-tower props,
Running shuttle trains each minute to the comet without stops?

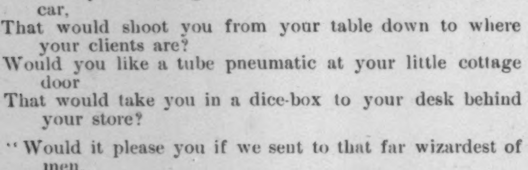
"Would it please ye, O ye masters, if we dug two little holes
All the way from City Hall Park up to where the Harlem rolls,
And by means of bottled cyclones born and raised in far Dakota
Blow a car from one to t'other without any other motor?

"Would you like a gun Zalinski, with a cartridge for a car,
That would shoot you from your table down to where your clients are?
Would you like a tube pneumatic at your little cottage door
That would take you in a dice-box to your desk behind your store?

"Would it please you if we sent to that far wizardest of men,
Mr. Edison, of Menlo to prepare us in his den
Some new telephone by means of which a man in Tuckahoe
Could project his person to New York as well as his 'Hello!'?

"Solve this problem if ye can, sirs, O ye citizens of York.
Will ye have it *à la* Mammoth Cave, or stilted like a stork?
Come! let every button of your minds upon this point be pressed,
Whereupon your humble servants will right gladly do the rest."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



The notable event of the week, and one of the important musical events of the present season, was the first production in America of Edgar Tinel's so-called oratorio, *St. Francis of Assisi*, by the Oratorio Society, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch. It is seldom that so young a man as the composer of *St. Francis of Assisi* attains so considerable a reputation with a single work as this oratorio has gained for its composer abroad, where it has been performed in the principal capitals of Germany and Belgium with most decided success. Edgar Tinel is a graduate of the Conservatory of Brussels, where he was the pupil of Brassin, Dupont, and Gevaert. He gained honors as a pianist at the early age of nineteen, and four years later won the highest honors at the conservatory by a Flemish cantata which was most favorably received. He is a prolific and versatile composer, his works including compositions of all kinds for various instruments, orchestra, and chorus. *St. Francis of Assisi*, his most important work, was first produced in Brussels in 1888, and has been performed there every year since.

This work, which suggests rather than describes St. Francis's legendary history, is divided into three parts. The first part treats of his life in the world and his renunciation of it. Part two, of his cloister life; and part three, of his death and glorification. *St. Francis of Assisi* is by no means an oratorio in the usually accepted sense of the term. As a work of art it would take place with Saint-Saëns's *Samson and Delilah* and Rubinstein's *Tower of Babel*, though it possesses neither the entrancing melody of the one, nor the intense dramatic power of the other. For all this it is a great work, and one which stamps its composer as a musician of great talent, if not genius, of wonderful technical resources and knowledge, and a most marked feeling for dramatic contrast and appropriate musical color. The music at all times reflects the characteristics of the sentiment and emotion expressed by the words of the text, which, from a poetic stand-point, is of distinct interest and value. This young Flemish composer is certainly a master of his art, and handles the chorus, upon which he makes excessive demands, the solo voices, and the orchestra in skilful and masterly style.

The work is original, although both in style and manner it contains strong suggestions of both Wagner and Brahms when secular, and is closely modelled after Bach when sacred in style. The church and the world are musically brought into juxtaposition in this work with almost startling contrast. Both in his harmonies and in his treatment of the orchestra Tinel is essentially modern without being eccentric, and he yet gives evidence of an ability to use the contrapuntal style which is very marked. Although undoubtedly an effective and most important work, which in power, imagination, and technical workmanship will compare favorably with any of the great oratorios, a single hearing of it leaves one somewhat in doubt as to its power of lasting attractiveness, in spite of the critical commendation which has been lavished on it abroad, and the enthusiasm with which it has been received there. The music is instinct with the sensuous mysticism of the legendary lore of the Romish Church, and yet seems to be lacking in genuine religious sentiment and fervor. There is, if one may so express it, a suggestion of cynicism and *fin de siècle* pessimism in the music, as if, although the composer had ideals and beliefs, he was not absolutely sincere in them, or absolutely convinced of their innate truth. The work has been praised for its absolute sincerity; this quality one would venture to think was just what it lacked. Repeated hearings may remove this impression, and certainly repeated hearings are necessary to thoroughly appreciate so extended, thorough, and learned a work at its full value. Much of the music has distinct spontaneity and charm, while some of it again strikes one as involved, labored, and even somewhat turgid.

The parts of the work which strike one most at a first hearing are the beautiful soli assigned to Franciscus—the "Ballad of Poverty," the "Hymn of Poverty," and the impassioned "Song of Love." The latter two, together with the "Hymn of the Sun," are almost literal translations of poems ascribed to St. Francis himself. Besides these really beautiful and impressive numbers, one would mention the charming opening orchestral description of a moonlit summer night, the Vision and Renunciation at the close of part first, the charmingly rhythmic dances in the same part, the choral Angelus and the emotional death scene of the third part. Every portion of the work is interesting to the student for its workmanship, if not for its inspiration. In accordance with modern ideas, the orchestra is the principal factor in the scheme of composition rather than either the chorus or the solo voices, and the discretion, sanity, and evident mastership noticeable throughout the entire score are to be commended from every point of view. The work is original because it does not pointedly recall any one in particular, and yet there is no one part, unless it be the Hymn of the Sun, so markedly individual as to strike one forcibly as such. But no work of the scope and magnitude of *St. Francis* can be adequately judged from a single hearing. As has been said, a more intimate acquaintance with the work may change these recorded impressions of the first hearing. The oratorio as a whole was well rendered. The title rôle was sung by Mr. William H. Rieger in good style and with good effect. The other soli were taken by Madame De Vere-Sapio, Mr. Charles Kayser, Signor Galassi, and Mr. Ericson F. Bushnell, who were all satisfactory. The difficult score was well given by the Oratorio Society and the Symphony Orchestra, and ably conducted by Mr. Damrosch, to whom much praise is due for bringing this interesting musical novelty to the attention of New York music-lovers. A complete vocal score, with the English text by Mr. John Fenton, has been published by Breitkopf & Härtel.

Other musical events of the week were the last concert of the season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, at which, owing to the illness of Mr. Kneisel, Mrs. Arthur Nikisch was the soloist; M. Paderewski's recital, as always, delightful, artistic, and interesting; and the revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's *Gondoliers* at the Casino by the Duff Opera Company, of which more anon.

The calm which seems to have settled down over the dramatic waters has not been broken during the past week by any new production of importance. It seems to be the fashion just at present to revive *Diplomacy*, in some respects Sardou's greatest play. The recent revival at the Fifth Avenue by the excellent company headed by Charles Coghlan and his sister is unquestionably a good one, the presentation having improved very much in point of smoothness and finish since seen here earlier in the season. *Diplomacy*, under present circumstances, is certainly strongly cast and very well acted, yet for some reason or other it moves a little slowly; there is a hardly definable lack of the animation, spirit, and buoyancy which should be the distinguishing characteristics of the play. Miss Coghlan's new gowns by Félix are things to wonder at, but hardly to admire, as, though doubtless harbingers of the coming spring styles, they give to the wearer the appearance and grace of an animated pen-wiper. O Fashion, how many crimes are committed in thy name! At the Union Square Theatre Mr. Keene has continued to please his admirers in a round of legitimate drama, including *Richelieu*, *Hamlet*, and *Louis XI.* Critics used to well-established dramatic conventions might, and with very good reason, take exception to many points in Mr. Keene's dramatic conceptions. A well-known politician, whose knowledge of English spelling was very scant and wavering, having had his attention called to a more than usually flagrant case of breach of orthography, remarked that he "didn't think much of the ability of a man who couldn't spell words in more ways than one." The same remark might be aptly made to those critics who hold closely to dramatic conventions. Certainly Mr. Keene follows his own peculiar way in whatever he does, and whatever his shortcomings, must at least be considered original. One need never fear to be bored at seeing Mr. Keene; there is always plenty of excitement to be found in wondering what he will do next, and his performances are followed with much interest and no little enthusiasm by his audiences. Evident originality, even if eccentric, is altogether too rare a quality and attribute in these days to be decried; certainly Mr. Keene is nothing if not original.

It is with unmixed sorrow and regret that one learns that Mr. Nikisch will not renew his contract with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which terminates at the end of the present season, but will at that time return to Europe, leaving this country probably for good, to accept the important position of director of the opera at Buda-Pesth. During his five years' residence in this country, Mr. Nikisch, both as a man and as a musician, has endeared himself to all those whose good fortune it has been to have been brought into relations with him. As a man, by his geniality, humor, big heartedness, and the many kindly qualities which go to make the true gentleman, the true friend, and the agreeable companion; as a musician, by his unswerving artistic sincerity and strength of purpose, his marked catholicity of taste and breadth of artistic appreciation, as well as by the many qualities, artistic gifts, and attainments which go to make the great conductor. He has done much for music in America in general, much for music in Boston in particular, and even more for the orchestra, which under his direction has attained a point of artistic perfection rarely equalled and not at the present time excelled. His place will be indeed difficult to fill; and though one infinitely regrets his departure, one can hardly blame him for accepting in his own country a position of the importance and influence of the one to which he has been called.

Mascagni's new opera of *William Ratcliffe*, of which the story is taken from Heine's poem, will probably be presented in Rome during the spring or early summer. In this his latest work Mascagni is said to have abandoned the lyrical style, which, as events have proved, he unfortunately adopted in *Il Amico Fritz* and *I Rantzau*, and has once more returned to his dramatic manner as exemplified in *Cavalleria Rusticana*. As *I Rantzau* appears to have been a flat failure in Vienna, where only a short time since Mascagni was lauded to the skies as the coming composer, this move would seem to be a wise one on the part of the young composer. *William Ratcliffe* is by no means a new operatic subject, the work having been already set by the Russian composer Cæsar Cui, and also by an Italian named Pizzi. Mascagni himself has had the work in mind for some time; the first act having been composed while he was still at school, and much of the rest written during a tour as conductor with a second-rate opera company. The work will be in four acts, and will contain the inevitable intermezzo.

Apropos of the financial difficulties attendant upon the giving of grand opera, it is interesting to note that the deficit on the first thirteen months' season at the Grand Opéra, Paris, under the new management, is close upon £20,000 sterling, and this despite the fact that the opera-house is rent free and that a subsidy of about £32,000 a year is granted to the management. The deficit is said to be due partly to the contributions which all the Paris theatres have to make to the poor-rates, and partly to the loss on the Saturday and Sunday performances, which by law have to be given at a greatly reduced price to the public. It is therefore pretty certain, it is said, that these performances at popular prices will have to be done away with. As regards this deficit, it must not, however, be forgotten that the management is compelled by their contract with the state to make each year a certain number of new productions, which naturally entail a large expenditure. As the difficulties which the Paris opera has to contend with are not present here, these figures need not necessarily alarm Mr. Abbey.

An interesting musical fragment written by Wagner in a lady's album has recently come to light. It consists of eleven bars of a short solo for the Prince de Brabant, who appears in *Lohengrin*, where he is restored to his sister Elsa, in the third act. The solo was abandoned by Wagner because he felt that so small a part would generally be intrusted to a second-rate singer, the result of which would be fatal in so important a situation; consequently the Prince has remained a *persona muta* to this day, and has to be content with a rather ludicrous entry after the lumbering departure of the stage swan.

REGINALD DE KOVEN.

JULES FERRY.

On March 17th M. Jules Ferry, lately elected President of the Senate of France, died suddenly of heart-disease, due to a wound inflicted by a crazy assailant six years ago. It was a tragic ending of a remarkable career, which, had his life continued, might easily have brought him to the President's chair. M. Ferry was but in his sixty-first year, and in full possession of intellectual vigor. He began life as an advocate in 1854, but promptly plunged into the political agitation against the empire, in which he formed an intimacy with Gambetta. In 1865, at the age of thirty-three, he became one of the leading writers of *Le Temps*, in which he attacked, with merciless analysis of facts and figures, the administration of Baron Haussmann, who was the Tweed of Paris under the empire. In 1869 he was elected to the Corps Législatif, and took a prominent and effective part in the fight against the empire, which was seeking a tardy reconciliation under Olivier with the Liberals. He was one of the few Deputies who kept their heads when the war with Prussia was precipitated, and he spoke and voted against the disastrous declaration.

When Napoleon III. surrendered at Sedan, and the abolition of the empire was decreed by the Corps Législatif, M. Ferry became a member of the Government of National Defense, organized September 4, 1870, and took charge of the Department of the Seine, in which work he served with great energy during the long siege by the German army. He risked his life in the suppression of the insurrection of October, 1871. From 1871 to 1879, although active in public affairs, he held no conspicuous place; but when M. Grévy succeeded Marshal Macmahon in the latter year, M. Ferry became Minister of Public Instruction, and began a very severe attack upon the Catholic clergy, particularly the Jesuits, in the schools. The fierceness of this campaign, which was waged for more than a year, broke up the cabinet in September, 1880, and M. Ferry formed a new ministry, which continued the same policy until, a year later, it was overthrown on the question of the policy in Tunis.

In February, 1883, he again took office, and then took up still more earnestly his efforts at colonial expansion for France, turning his energies in the direction of Tonquin. The conquest of that remote country used up much treasure and the lives of many French soldiers, and awakened the most bitter hatred for M. Ferry among the peasantry whose sons were sent to die by disease or in battle. His popular title at the time was the "Tonquinois." His ministry again fell in 1884. In 1887 he was an unsuccessful candidate for the Presidency, and practically retired from public life until his election to the Presidency of the Senate a few days since. He was unquestionably one of the most able of Frenchmen, and his early service to the nation was great and valuable. But he was a very ambitious and a narrow-minded man, who failed to grasp the idea that though a republic may be established by one party, it cannot be maintained by one alone.

ONE OF THE LARGEST LOADS OF LOGS EVER HAULED.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.
21 FEET HIGH AND 20 FEET WIDE, CONTAINING 31,480 FEET.

IN THE MINNESOTA PINES.

BY W. S. HARWOOD.

THE snowy death-shroud is folded thick about the cold bosom of the silent earth; the princely pines are standing sentinel watch in the dim gray of the wintry morn; no sound but the intermittent boom of the frozen river near at hand—that preternaturally strange sound which comes from the icy throat of the sullen stream like some grewsome challenge of the captain of the dead.

A faint bluish-black smoke spiral curls gracefully up from the rusty stove-pipe set in the snow-covered roof of a low large log building, and is lost in the dim green of the lofty pines. A belated blue-jay, sauciest of frost-time birds, wakes from his winter night nap and screams out an untuneful note or two by way of matin vocalization. The sun would be several degrees high were it a June day dawn, for it is five by the big-bellied watch of the "bull cook," who has been astir since four, getting up an early breakfast for the first crew. They have sleepily hitched up their sturdy beasts, and are off to the denser woods in the early gloom.

The bull cook has a long day's work before him. He must superintend the preparation of the day's meals for mayhap threescore hunger-haunted lumbermen, whose yawning capacities for baked beans and brown bread and corned-beef and roast bear and fragrant venison and mealy potatoes and prehistoric pies, and all that motley mass of mystery which belongs in the catalogue under the caption "canned goods," are known all too well by the *chef* and his white-capped assistants. When, along in late October, the company in control of the camp fitted out their commissary department for the winter they bought such a list as this:

Beef, 57 quarters; pork, 12 barrels; sugar, 10 barrels; beans, 21 bushels; flour, 47 barrels; salt, 2 barrels; vinegar, 1 barrel; butter, 1000 pounds. Then there were 10 pounds of saleratus, 2 pounds of sage, 100 gallons of molasses, 15 pounds of pepper, 1 barrel of lobsters, 1 chest of tea. These are some of the supplies which are now being drawn upon by the cook and his crew.

But the men are in the woods in reality now, and close work it is, too, for the short winter day has few hours, and the demand of the relentless commercial world far down in the warmer lines of the world may not be ignored; the great forests must be swept away, no matter what may oppose. The under-chopper, as he is called, has been at work on previous days making selection of the trees which are to be felled. He is a man of keen judgment, and he has been long a woodsman. With unerring eye he picks out the splendid old pines which are to be sacrificed, and upon their comely sides he leaves the gash of his axe. He knows just the size and the shape the saws of the great mills will rip up most advantageously. His is a most important part of the toil of the timber.

Following him come the choppers and the sawers, for both are to play a part in the death scene of the pine. Until the great tree's weight might interfere, the saw is put at work at the thick base, the chopper with his keen axe aiding meanwhile in cutting for the fall. Wedging for the fall is no unimportant part of the scheme. To know just how and just where and just when to drive in the big wedge of wood which is at last to topple over the tall tree is not the work of a novice. Great care must be taken that the tree shall fall right; for if it be misdirected in its course, it may lodge in the branches of a bigger comrade, or it may fall so that even its massive trunk may break in twain, or, most sad event, it may crush into the snow the body of some faithful logger, and leave no trace of life in his bruised body.

The men have trimmed the emerald top, which, like some proud plume, has been waving in the wind-swept forest through the centuries; they have cut the trunk to the right lengths for the sledges; the puffing teams have toiled up through the snowy roads to take to the frozen river's breast the sweet-smelling balsamic freightage. The log, as it lies upon the snow, is a monstrous load in itself, one would say. The "go-devil" must now come into play to aid in getting the log into place, so that it may be loaded upon the wide sledge. The go-devil is good for short-range work, so to speak, and it is one of the essentials of lumber life. It is a primitive sort of sledge made from two bent roots of a strong maple-tree, joined together at the sharp point of a triangle, and extending backward some eight or ten feet. The runners of the go-devil are of some kind of hard wood, and they become very smooth and polished by the friction of the hauling.

Upon the go-devil the log is rolled, and then it is drawn by two sturdy horses, or mayhap a pair of steaming oxen, to the skidway. Here it is rolled off upon the skidway, and then it lies ready for the great sledges. The skidway is made of two strong timbers laid upon the earth in parallel lines, about six feet apart. Log after log from the snowy woods is hauled to the skidway and piled up to await the teams.

When there are enough logs on the skidway for a load the strong team of eight horses is driven in the "made" road up alongside, and the logs are drawn up or rolled up on the wide runners. The size of the load which is placed upon these sledges is something one unaccustomed to the ways of the woods would be prone to discredit. In the illustration shown an excellent representation is given of the load which may be put upon the sledges, and which, too, may be hauled to the river. The illustration is of one of the largest loads of logs ever successfully handled. Its dimensions were as follows: 21 feet high and 20 feet wide, containing 31,480 feet. Hauled by 4 horses one mile. The runners of the sledge were 5 inches thick, 11 inches high, 9 feet long, and 9 feet apart. The bars were 15 by 18 inches square, 12 feet long. The rocker was 15 by 18 inches square, 16 feet 3 inches long. Estimated weight of sledge and chains, 5 tons.

Down the long road to the river the logs are hauled, the teams with their gay trappings—for your woodsman is not averse to decking out his horses with sundry flaunting squirrel tails and showy ivory rings and what not—the men in their picturesque garb, the dazzling stretch of snow, the colonnaded pines, the ring of the axes in the distance, the far-off voices of the men at work, all making up a strikingly interesting scene.

This morning, you will see, there is a singularly smooth icy look to the roadway. The constant passing of the heavy loads along the way has worn the snow down to the brown leaves and the shining cones left in the late autumn where they were discarded by the thick underbrush and the loftier pines. The sprinkling-cart has been at work these many hours. Its cavernous depths have been filled from the deep river, and along the road it has passed for many an hour, sending out a thin spray, and making the road as smooth as glass.

Snow has been hauled on, too, to help to make the road passable, and this, with the fine work of the sprinkler, makes a travelable thoroughfare.

Here we are at last at the river's brink. Skilfully the logs are skidded upon the bank, ready to be rolled down upon the ice, or, if it shall be deemed necessary, they will be held until the river, in Western parlance, "breaks up." Then they will begin that interesting journey which every log takes down to the waiting mills hundreds of miles nearer the Gulf.

But if you look down the stream a little distance you will see that the intention in this camp is that the most, if not all, of these logs shall be placed upon the ice direct, there to await the annual freeing of the imprisoned stream. The river's expanse is thick with logs as far as you can see. Load after load has been hauled down for weeks past, and one would think the patient ice no longer would withstand the enormous burden. But it bears all uncomplainingly; and there is foundation for its patience, for has it not two or more solid feet of substance?

When the break-up comes, and the logs slowly sink down into their cold bath, there begins a journey, one of the most interesting in the world—too long a journey and too full of experiences for mention here.

But we have left the major portion of our crew away back in the denser forest, and we will load ourselves on this big sledge, sure that our hospitable driver will not say us nay, and back once more to the men in the woods.

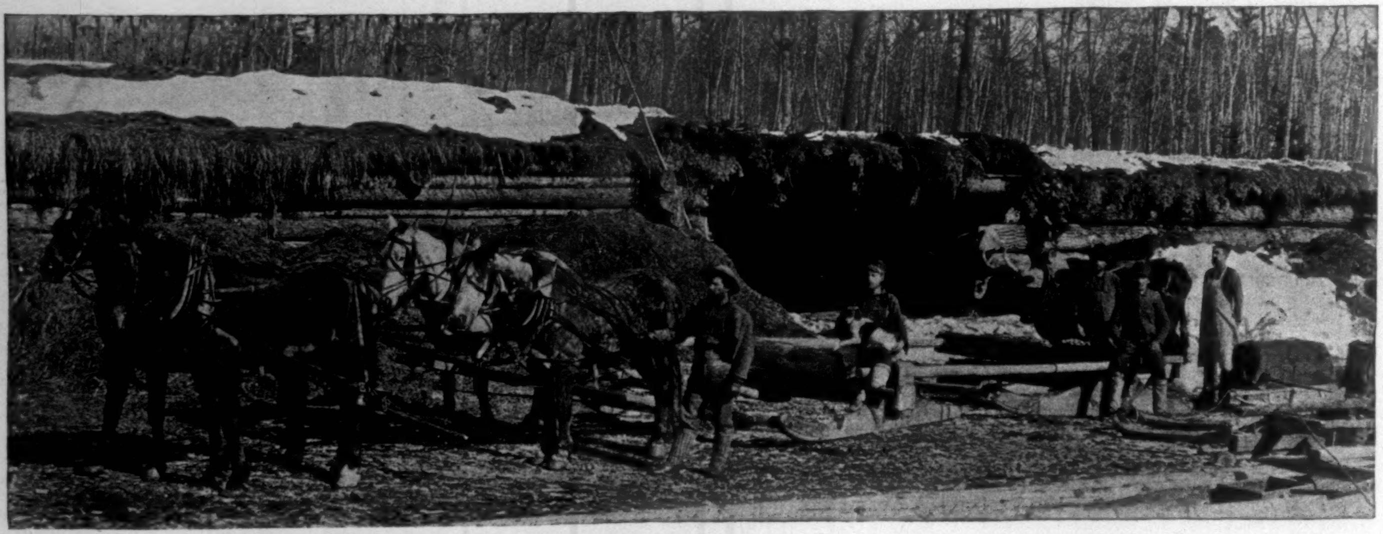
It is of interest to note that the roads, when the snow is very deep, are troubled with an excess rather than a dearth. In that case it becomes necessary to break the roads through, so that the sledges may haul their loads in safety, and so that the horses or oxen, as the case may be, may not get stuck fast in the drifts. For the most part the snow falls smoothly in the depths of the forest—such a forest as that we are now in, on the crest of the great ridge which traverses the northern portion of the State of Minnesota. The forest is so vast, the trees stand so closely together, the wind has such a poor opportunity to wedge its way into the company of the giant pines, that for the most part the snow is lying like a snug-fitting carpet, undisturbed save by the long strides of elk or deer. Sometimes, however, the wind sweeps in, and then the snow, if it has not already been frozen to a thickish crust, is piled high by the trunks of the towering trees.

In any event, the road-breaking becomes a necessity when there is a heavy snowfall. A wide V-shaped snow-plough is improvised, generally of rough stout boards set on edge, and this with a stout team or a big yoke of oxen affords a fairly good substitute for the rotary plough which has now come to be the great blizzard-defier on the Northwestern railroads.

We are back in the deeper woods now, and, fortunate for us, we are to have a chance to partake of the noon-time lunch. It's a woodman's lunch, and there may be baked beans and pork, and all such kinds of stuff? Yes, to be sure,

CLEARING THE ROAD AFTER A HEAVY SNOWFALL.

A TYPICAL HOTEL.

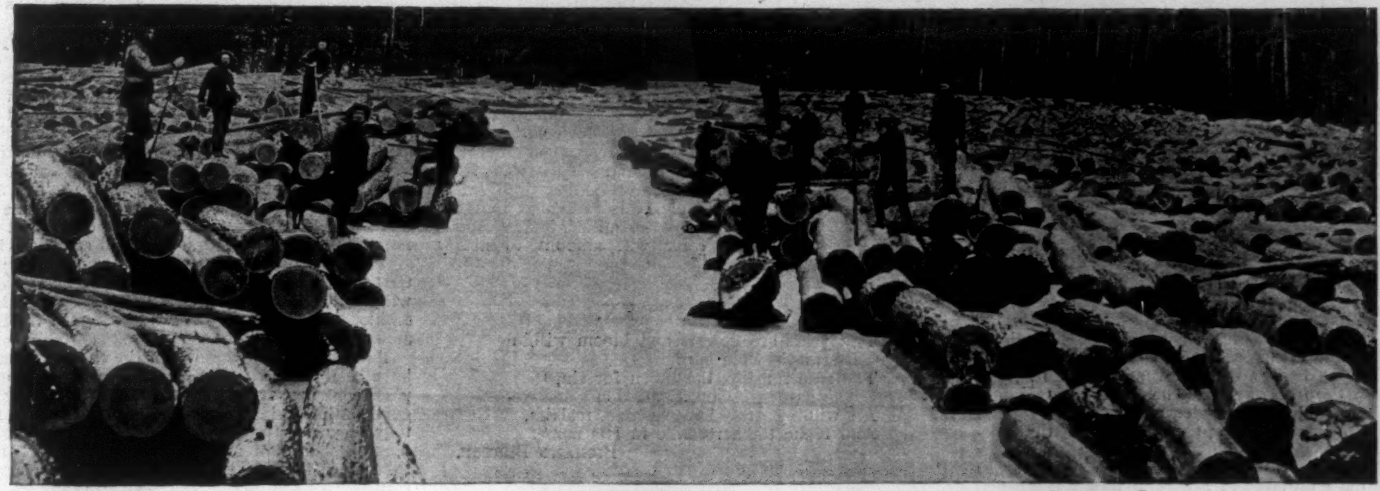


A VIEW OF THE STABLES.

STARTING OUT WITH THE NOON LUNCH

IN THE MINNESOTA PINES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE SPRINKLER USED IN IMPROVING THE ROADS.

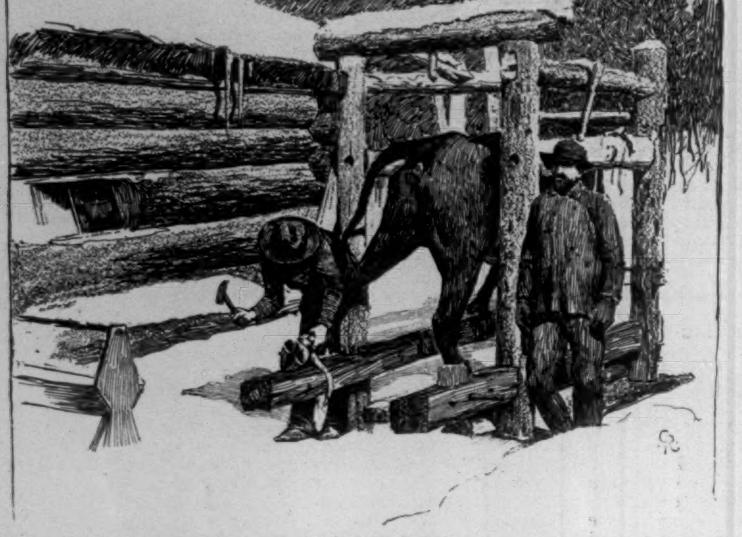


ON THE RIVER—READY FOR THE SPRING THAWS.

THE "GO-DEVIL" SLEDGE AT WORK.

AN ORDINARY HAUL.

IN THE MINNESOTA PINES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.



METHOD OF SHOEING OXEN.

you are not to sit down to a Delmonico spread, but you shall say when you are through no more appetizing meal ever satisfied your hunger in the stateliest dining-room. For you are hungry; in this bracing, winelike air there is ever a zest which your city-fed folk never dream of.

In an open place the men are seated in all sorts of picturesque poses, for your typical woodsman is picturesque without meaning so to be—to drawing-room poses he is a stranger. From the far-away camp headquarters two men have drawn a large hand-sledge laden with the food for the noonday meal. It has been kept covered up with close-woven blankets, and it is steaming hot when the men gather around for their generous portions. You eat from a tin plate, and you have no trace of a napkin, and you are fortunate if a fork comes your way, and no cut-glass finger-bowl gleams before you; and as for table, there is none but your overcoated lap, and the only suggestion of damask is in the spotless snow around about you; but you eat—eat as though your very life depended on it, eat until you are absolutely ashamed of yourself.

You are back in the camp again now, and the sun has led on the long starry night, though it is not yet six o'clock by the big-bellied watch of the bull cook, who greets you at the door of the hospitable headquarters building. The men who have finished their day's hauling are at the stables with their tired horses. The stables are as primitive as the rest of the camp. Mayhap in the gloom you do not see that they are sodded up on the sides, with small windows for light, the walls being made of the prevailing pine logs. The piled-up snow has added its warmth to the sides, and in places the stables look like some big tortoise-shaped mound of snow. The horses of the camp will be fed about 115,000 pounds of food in the season, at an average cost of 43 cents per horse per day. It costs about 19 cents per man for the food of the loggers.

You may have noticed on the way to the camp, as you drove mile after mile through the forest, after you left the railroad station many leagues away, a lonesome group of one-story houses in the open. Around them a rim of pines; in front, stumps and a fallen log or two; at the door of the low cabin in the foreground, a figure or two or three, all in the same striking garb which interests all who come to the woods. It is one of the hotels, the half-way houses in the path of the traveller from one camp to another. A quiet enough place to stop, with no sound of passing steam-engine, or rattling cars, or hurrying herdics; no soot-laden atmosphere around, none of the traces of the distant civilization.

And yet it is not an inhospitable hostelry; you may even find a good bed set in a clean room, with no sign of paper or plaster on the walls, but in their stead smooth golden logs as clean as when they were first stripped of their coat of bark, and presenting to your eye a restful exterior, illumined as they are by the white light which floods in through the deep embrasure of the wide window. And the fare you may have you shall find clean and wholesome and well-cooked and plentiful.

But it is supper-time in the camp. There is a long room in the building where the big cook was standing when we came in from the long jaunt in the woods. At one end is a large range, for we eat and he cooks in the same room. The supper is waiting, and without any preliminaries we fall to and put to the blush the biggest eater in the crew. There is a good piece of roast beef, and a rasher of bacon, and some baked potatoes, and some delicate yellow corn-cake, and a venison stew, while here, perhaps for our especial delectation, comes a generous big cut of mince pie. You don't stop to ask where the mince-meat was made, or any such idle questions as that; you just eat, as you did at the noon lunch—eat as only a man can eat who has passed a day in the splendid winter air of a Northern logging camp.

When you have a little time to look around you shall note the men who sit around you are not of a low type of humanity by any manner of means. They are, for the most part, young men who have come to the woods to turn an honest penny through these winter days.

For dress they have thick-soled shoes with long tops, stout woollen stockings worn outside the pantaloons, a belted blouse of fantastic colors—red and blue and yellow in quaint little patches—with a warm cap, or perhaps a toque, to top off the suit.

The men do not sit up, as you would like to have them if you are anxious to study them as types. By nine o'clock lights are out in the big sleeping-rooms, where the men lie bunked up one above the other. There may be a jest or two, and some wide-awake talkers may have to be silenced with a swiftly thrown shoe, but they soon settle down to the dreamless sleep of the tired.

The men, who receive on an average about $1 per day and expenses, are paid once in the season, at the end, and then, when they make their way down to the big cities to the south, it does not take long for many of them to dispose of the funds which are their due. They lead, for the most part, a temperate life in the woods, though there are all sorts of stories you may hear as to the immorality of the camps. The time for reckless dissipation comes when the men reach some of the hell-holes at the outskirts of the woods, or when they get back again to our highly moral form of civilization found in our larger cities.

It would be interesting to know just how many feet of timber yet remain in the forests of the State of Minnesota. I had as an estimate one day from one of the best-known men in the business that there had been already cut in the State about 29,000,000,000 feet, and that he believed there were from nine billion to twelve billion feet now standing. The cut of the lumber-mills in the white-pine region of the Northwest, as given by the *Mississippi Valley Lumberman*, an authority on this subject, amounted during the season of 1892 to 4,380,314,565 feet, an increase over the previous year of 505,793,310 feet. This was from logs cut in the Mississippi Valley alone. It is estimated that the cut of the mills of Minneapolis alone during the present year will amount to nearly 600,000,000 feet.

GOD'S GARDEN.

The years are flowers and bloom within
 Eternity's wide garden;
The rose for joy, the thorn for sin,
 The gardener God, to pardon
All wilding growths, to prune, reclaim,
And make them roselike in His name.

RICHARD BURTON.

THE CARAVEL "SANTA MARIA."

COLUMBUS, straining his eyes across the Sargasso Sea for a glimpse of Cathay, never dreamed that, when four centuries had rolled away, the Spanish government would summon to its aid all the skill and learning of the kingdom to discover in what manner of craft he made his famous voyage. But it happened, nevertheless, that as the fourth centennial of the discovery of America drew near, there arose much discussion in Spain concerning the ships in which the early navigators sailed across the seas.

It is not an easy matter to reconstruct an ancient vessel. The crumbling ruins of temples and palaces of long ago afford a key by which to study the manner of their construction, but, except in rare instances, when a Viking ship is discovered buried in the sand, the vessels of olden time have disappeared. The naval architecture of the Middle Ages, however, has been a subject of much interest to archæologists, and when the Spanish government determined to rebuild the *Santa Maria* it found that much information was already available. But all the details of construction were unknown, and to obtain these a council consisting of the most expert officers and engineers of the Spanish navy was called together, and a list of questions was prepared which all the learned men of Spain set to work to answer.

The task was difficult. There were many ancient woodcuts representing impossible vessels with huge bellying sails, and considerable general information, but very little which could be made of practical use for guidance in ship-building. The best memorial on the subject was a study of ancient naval architecture prepared some years ago by Señor Montleon, the Curator of the Naval Museum, which contained some plans and dimensions of the caravels of the Columbus fleet. This served as a starting-point for investigation. The work was prosecuted with great vigor. Curious documents were unearthed from ancient archives, where they had been buried in dust for centuries; libraries were searched, and everything concerning ships and sea-life in the writings of early historians and navigators was carefully studied.

At length the questions proposed were answered in such a practical manner that the Spanish government decided that the puzzle was unravelled, and the order was given to begin the work of reconstructing the *Santa Maria*, the flagship of the fleet which carried the discoverers to the New World. The final calculations to determine the strength, the sailing capacity, the height of the masts, the details of the rigging, and the extent of sail were made by Señor Bona, the head of the engineering department of the navy.

A commission was appointed by Don José de Beranger, the Minister of Marine, to superintend the work of construction, and on the 23d of April, 1892, the keel of the ship was laid in the navy-yard of Carraca, near Cadiz. In spite of the obstacles which naturally arose, the work progressed rapidly. Special care was necessary to preserve the antique appearance of the hull, which, with laborers accustomed to modern ways of working, was a matter of considerable difficulty, but the most skilled artisans were selected for the task, and they undertook it with zeal and enthusiasm.

This novel ship-building was pushed forward with such energy that on the 26th of June the *Santa Maria* was successfully launched, with much fluttering of banners and cheers of the assembled crowd. To the great delight of the builders it was found that the vessel's draught was 1.47 metres (4 feet 10 inches), which was precisely according to the calculations.

There was still much work to be done before the ship could sail the seas. Not only must she have the appearance of her ancestor, but all the interior arrangement, the armament, and even the furniture and decorations, must be as much like the caravel of four centuries ago as it was possible to make them. Valuable information concerning these details is given in the letters and log-books of Columbus and his comrades. Juan de la Cosa, who was the sailing-master of the ancient *Santa Maria*, gives in his letters an excellent description of the flags, and of the compass and other nautical instruments, and there are also many other letters and drawings of ships by navigators of the time of Columbus. The drawings are conventional and crude, but they give some idea of the appearance of the vessels of that date, and of the form and arrangement of the sails. These descriptions, and also the collections of ancient arms, furniture, utensils, and ship equipments of all kinds preserved in museums, served as guides for fitting out the caravel after the fashion of the fifteenth century.

The new *Santa Maria* is 22.60 metres (74 feet 2 inches) long, and has 7.80 metres (25 feet 7 inches) breadth of beam. Her depth at the centre or main-deck is 4.10 metres (13 feet 5 inches), which the high upper works increase to 4.90 metres (16 feet) at the bow, and to 8.20 metres (26 feet 10 inches) at the stern. These measurements are believed to be those of the original caravel. It will be seen that the hull is short, narrow, and very high as compared with modern ships. The curves are also different from those of any ship built at the present time. The extremities of the caravel are very bulging, in order to support the enormous weight of the upper works, which at the prow project considerably over the body of the ship. The stern is flat, in the form of a scutcheon, and is decorated with characteristic emblems. In the centre above the opening for the tiller is a figure of the Virgin, which in early times was always emblazoned upon all Spanish vessels of importance.

Broad harpings run from stem to stern of the vessel, and other exterior braces called compass-beams are fastened vertically. There are three masts, which are fitted with yards and rigging such as the sailors of to-day never dreamed of, and it is a question if the crew will be able to handle the strange confusion of ropes and stays. The sails are shaped after ancient models, square on the fore and main masts, and lateen on the mizzenmast. The area of canvas is considerable, considering the size of the ship. The *Santa Maria* carries a curious collection of flags, which she will display upon all festive occasions. From the foremast will float the famous green cross with letters and crowns, which was the signal flag of the early discoverers; and the royal banner of Castile, red and white with the familiar castles and lions, will fly from the maintop. Other flags show the eagle with escutcheon and other armorial bearings of the Spanish monarchs.

Two small anchors, relics of the time of Columbus, which have been preserved in the navy-yard of Carraca, have been placed on board the caravel. Although they are in very good condition in spite of their four centuries of exposure, they are more for ornament than use, and the hope of the *Santa Maria* will rest upon her sheet-anchors, which, although cast after ancient designs, are new and ready for service.

The armament of the new "Admiral's ship" consists of two cannon and six falconets. The casting of these was the easiest part of the task of reconstruction, as the literature of ancient weapons of defence is full and extensive. There are also many specimens of the instruments of warfare of the Middle Ages still in existence to serve as models. The exact number of cannon carried by the Columbus ships is unknown, but there are records of what was considered a full armament for an admiral's ship, and these were taken as authority for fitting out the new *Santa Maria*.

The officers' quarters are in the upper part of the ship at the stern. In olden times the officers, with the exception of the commander, who had a small apartment for his private use, were accustomed to bunk together in the roomy space below the commander's room, the sailors oftentimes sharing accommodations with them, as the forecastle was not commodious. This comradeship will not exist in the new caravel. The furniture of the commander's cabin is like that of the ancient ship, which was fully described by Columbus. It consists of a bed with the famous red curtains which were such a source of delight to the Indian chief Guacanagari, a wardrobe with drawers for maps and books, one armchair, two small chairs, and a little table at which two persons can dine. The only decoration of the apartment is an image of the Virgin, Maria Stella, the patroness of early Spanish navigators, to whom the "Salve" was chanted every Saturday.

Elevated at the stern of the vessel, directly in the rear of the commander's apartment, is a huge iron lantern, the ancient insignia of an admiral, no other person being allowed to use it, or even to light it. The new commander of the *Santa Maria* is not likely to perform this service himself, as did Columbus of old. Indeed, the present admiral of the caravel, one of the high officers of the Spanish navy, is said to have considered it a degradation to be placed in command of the antique ship, with its comfortless quarters, and only after being assured that this was a special and therefore an honorable and distinguished service would he accept the position.

On July 30th the caravel, having been declared ready for sea, was towed down the bay of Cadiz and along the coast to the port of Huelva, to be in readiness for the great naval parade of August 3d. The day before the celebration she made her first voyage under her own sail, from Huelva to Santa Maria la Rabida, the convent where Columbus found shelter and protection before he became famous. The breeze was light, but still the caravel made about five miles an hour. She obeyed her helm as neatly as if she had been a trig modern clipper. August 3d, early in the morning, the flags of America and Spain were hoisted on the tower of the convent, and a peal of bells gave the signal to the caravel lying off the shore to weigh anchor and proceed to the parade at Palos. But there was no breeze, as there was on the morning four centuries ago when Columbus set sail, and it was necessary to tow the vessel to her place at the head of the line of battle-ships assembled for the festivities. As she passed up the line to her position, the stately modern ships saluted their ancient sister with firing of cannon and dipping of flags, to which she responded with a volley from her falconets.

The *Santa Maria* will present an extraordinary appearance with her antique hull and her outlandish sails and rigging. During her voyage across the ocean, if she fell in with any ship whose crew were ignorant of her existence, she must surely have been taken for the genuine *Flying Dutchman*, unless the traditional letters A. M. G. P. (*Ave Maria Gratia Plena*) upon her sails place her above suspicion. The *Santa Maria*, however, will not be trusted alone. Being, as it were, in her second childhood, she will need a faithful escort. She left Cadiz to follow her old tracks to the West Indies on February 11th. She was not relying on her own sail, but was in tow of a Spanish gunboat that will be her constant attendant. After a stay of some weeks in Havana she will come up the coast to New York. The *Pinta* and the *Niña*, the two small caravels of the Columbus fleet, have also been reconstructed in Spain, by order of the United States government. They have been towed to the West Indies, and will come to New York with the "Admiral's ship." The arrival of this fleet of antique caravels will be one of the most interesting events of the summer.

AN AMERICAN PALACE.

The Hotel Waldorf, which Henry J. Hardenbergh has planned and built for William Waldorf Astor at the corner of Thirty-third Street and the Fifth Avenue, and which was opened last week by a concert-reception patronized by the fashionable society of the town, establishes a new standard of hotel construction. As it stands completed, it is scarcely more a public hotel than a popular museum of artistic interior decoration. The American and European ideas of what a magnificent hotel should be have been so adroitly grafted together upon the stem of unlimited money to work with that the resulting construction is one of the show places of the town. There is no hotel in New York or in America whose scheme or execution can be compared with it, and only a very few in Europe. The idea of the architect, following the wishes of the owner, has been to provide a series of family residences under one roof, of such substantial elegance as is to be found elsewhere only in the homes of very rich men. The idea of a public hotel has been avoided as far as possible consistently with a fit appreciation of the requirements of an establishment built for the entertainment of a thousand persons. The arrangement of the large lofty rooms upon the ground floor has been made with a view to their availability as a consistent whole, like the family rooms in a great private house, as well as to their separate uses. The decoration and furnishing have been carried out in the most minute details with a wholly artistic disregard of the amount of money expended. The whole work has been done *con amore* by Mr. Hardenbergh, the architect, and Mr. George C. Boldt, the lessee and proprietor, as a man with unlimited means might prepare a private residence for himself; and the hotel stands eminently beautiful as an elaborate and consistent work of art in a town where the lavish spending of money for mere outward manifestation of splendor has become a commonplace. Some purists have criticised certain portions of the interior decorations as almost florid, but these critics have admitted freely that they spoke from the stand point of the classicist, and nobody has denied that the interiors, as a whole, are very beautiful, and worthy of praise far beyond interiors made for similar uses elsewhere; while the exterior of the great castellated structure evokes quick and hearty praise from everybody who sees it, and recalls the massive turrets and lofty gables of Heidelberg.

Only a few of the most obvious and important of the rooms in the Waldorf can be spoken of separately here. Perhaps the two rooms which deserve the most unreserved praise among all as consummate works of art are the Marie Antoinette *salon* and the German café. These two rooms are as different as can be, and each is almost flawless of its kind. It is an interesting fact that all the decorative painting upon walls and ceilings in the Waldorf is the work of American artists. This plan of giving American figure-painters and decorators a chance to show what they could do has brought forth most gratifying results to prove the wisdom of the idea. Every room in the hotel was designed in Mr. Hardenbergh's office.

The Marie Antoinette *salon*, which is to be the ladies' reception-room of the hotel, is oval in shape, with recesses, and is an exact reproduction of an apartment of Marie Antoinette. The wood-work is of white enamel, and much of the wall space is covered with mirrors. The fixtures for the electric lights are of gold bronze and crystal, showing figures of Cupid holding torches. These project from the wall and depend in front of the mirrors. The low broad mantel is of pure white marble. The ceiling is the crowning glory of the room, and consists of a canvas painted last year in Paris by Will H. Low. The subject is announced as "The Praise of Woman," which gratifying idea has been symbolized by figures arranged from classical models. The principal figure is nude, and floats against a background of fair blue sky at the southern extremity of the oval. The modelling and coloring of this figure are specially exquisite. Behind her is a car drawn by doves guided by Cupids, and in the background are groups of figures symbolizing music, poetry, and all the arts, completing the composition. Mr. Low told the writer that he considered this picture his *magnum opus*.

The decorations of the café are strictly in keeping with the use of the room. It is made purely in the style of the German Renaissance of the sixteenth century, about the time of Dürer. Upon the walls is set a high wainscoting of old oak, almost black, most beautifully carved, and with plain panels inlaid with wood scarcely lighter in tone. The mantels are of the same oak, with rich facing of Numidian marble. At one end of the room stands a clock in a tall oak case carved in the Black Forest. The ceiling is of oak, with panels modelled in relief and colored in greens and soft yellows. Above the wainscot is a frieze six feet high, showing figures of ancient German warriors and merrymakers, in costumes of the age, on a ground of golden yellow. At intervals heraldic devices are set upon this frieze. The electric-light fixtures are elaborate and striking in design. Wrought-iron chains hanging from the ceiling sustain stag antlers, from the base of which spring carved oaken figures of the "Tyrolerweibchen" offering cups of wine. The light brackets at the sides of the room are backed with the originals of shields bearing the arms of ancient vintage companies and other German guilds. There are stained-glass windows and a large skylight of the same glass. This glass was designed by F. Crowninshield, of Boston, the frieze was painted by George Maynard, and the wood-carving was provided by William Baumgarten.

The great dining-room, which occupies the whole Fifth Avenue front on the ground-floor, is decorated by Baumgarten in magnificent Honduras mahogany and massive gold bronze after the best models of the First Empire. The walls have a high wainscot of the wood, the pilasters of which are panels covered with silk of apple-green color, with figures in orange. A great deal of bronze ornament is applied to the wood. There are three entrances, and the high windows are heavily curtained. The mantel is of verd-antique marble, and along each side of the room is a row of very heavy pillars of the same marble, with great bronze capitals and bases. The ceiling, by Crowninshield, is divided into three panels. The prevailing tones are yellows and greens. One panel contains figures emblematic of the fruits of the earth and of the chase; the other shows figures bearing water and wine. The centre panel suggests the festivity and mirth which follow "delicate feasting."

The decorations of the ballroom are of the period of Louis XVI. The prevailing effect of color is of pale creams and of delicate tints of green. The mantel is of cipollino marble, such as is used in certain columns in the Vatican. It is pale green in color, and comes from old Roman quarries which are nearly exhausted. The ceiling was painted in part by Maitland Armstrong, who did the cove and all the decorative work, including thirteen lunettes. Three large panels upon the ceiling, representing the dance from archaic to modern times, are by Frank Fowler. The wood-work is creamy white in tint, relieved with gold. A musicians' gallery is fixed upon the north wall, and three arched windows look into the room from a loggia out of the mezzanine story on the east. Its size is about thirty-five by fifty feet. The furniture is gilt, upholstered in tapestry.

The drawing-room in the "state apartments" at the front of the building upon the second floor is decorated in the style of Henry IV. Original Flemish tapestries of great antiquity have been hung upon the walls, under the direction of Georges Glaenzer. Over the mantel of Italian marble is a portrait of Margaret of Valois—"la Reine Margot"—painted by Herbert Denman. The covering of the table in the centre of the room is an old altar-cloth embroidered in gold bullion upon a red ground. The ceiling is panelled in parallel beams, carved and decorated. All the pieces of furniture in this room are originals, and models of magnificent oak carving and upholstery in tapestry. Nearly twenty rooms, each of them decorated and finished magnificently, complete the apartments in this unequalled suite. In the bedchamber is the celebrated Francis I. bed, of which so much has been said and written. The banqueting-room contains Mr. Boldt's private collection of china, which is insured for $38,000.

Among the most remarkable of the other rooms in this wonderful palace called the Hotel Waldorf is the Astor dining-room, which is a restoration of the original walls and ceiling from the old Astor mansion which stood on the site of the hotel. The walls are wainscoted in panelled walnut, and the furniture corresponds. Six large paintings on the walls are also originals stripped from the walls of the old house.

Among the many suites of rooms decorated after special models are the Greek and Pompeiian suites, made from Mr. Hardenbergh's own designs; and an East Indian suite, done in carved teak-wood specially imported, for which Lockwood de Forest painted the walls and ceilings. To endeavor to give any adequate idea of the beautiful decorations of the Waldorf in a short sketch is almost as idle as to try to make marginal notes of the good things in the printed works of William Shakespeare.

An exterior view of the hotel was published in Harper's Weekly for March 14, 1891.

THIS BUSY WORLD

A certain contemporary of the daily press keeps grumbling about the contemporary poets, and accusing them of not turning out good goods. It was this contemporary that suggested awhile ago that all the real poets were either dead or had retired from active business, and that in their places we had a horde of rhymers, "hand-organ men, turning out their wearisome stanzas while they look up at the windows of the houses with anxious eyes." More recently it has averred that, "generally speaking, the poetry of the day inclines to be a bore," and it adds:

> "The religious, the sentimental, the heroic, the patriotic, and the homely poetry that is diffused through the weekly press especially is goody-goody, limping, and tedious. Only now and then do we strike a poem that has ideas in it, with genuine originality, true imagination, and a sound ear for music."

Now the main difference between the poetry of the weekly press and that of the daily is that the former usually pays for its verse, and the latter commonly, though not always, pursues the thriftier plan of supplying its poetical needs out of the weeklies and monthlies with a pair of shears. Consequently if the poetry of the weeklies is not of the requisite width and due woolliness, such dailies as this grumbling contemporary feel that they have been imposed upon, and have a right to complain.

But, as a matter of fact, have poetic masterpieces ever been really abundant? Have they not always been rather scarce, partaking of the nature of the

> One planet in a starless night,

and all the more pleasant and desirable by very reason of their rarity? Suppose it were possible for the editor of an ambitious daily to put his scissors into the first weekly that came to hand with a certainty of fetching out poems graced with ideas, originality, imagination, and music, and consequently suitable for the poetry column of his Sunday issue, would that necessarily mean that it was a good season for poets, and that the golden age of poetry was impending?

It is easy to demonstrate that it would not. It might be a good season for editors, but that is quite different. A good year for really able poets is when poetry of true merit is very scarce and dear. If it is at present as scarce as our contemporary insists, that contemporary, if it were a true friend of the deserving poet and of true poetry, would rejoice with him, and put up its rates for sincerely meritorious verse. The probability is, however, that the average quality of the poetic output is not lower than usual. Inquiry among poets as to the current rates of compensation elicits no such information as the complaints above quoted would lead one to expect. There may have been some advance in the price of poetry during the last decade, owing to a multiplication of periodicals and a fairly brisk demand for marketable verse, but no such figures are offered for the best grades as would warrant the implication of any such dearth of truly good poetry as our contemporary suggests. The matter is easily determined by securing a new and original genuine poem with ideas and imagination and music in it, and making a practical test of the willingness of this very carping critic to pay a famine price for it.

Is it any consolation, do you suppose, to French thrift to learn that so considerable a part of the Panama money never got out of France, and so escaped being sunk in that hopeless ditch?

There is a curious institution in Boston which seems to be peculiar to that place, as well as indigenous there. It is the Saturday afternoon club dinner. A casual copy of the *Transcript*, a month old by this time, records that on the afternoon of its issue fifty members of the Middlesex Club dined at Young's Hotel, and discussed "the Executive Council" after their food. On the same afternoon twenty-five members of the Boston Club dined at Parker's, and had Insurance for the topic of the after-dinner addresses. Coincidently the Hon. Erastus Wiman aided the digestions of the Commercial Club at Young's by a discourse on Canada, the Mutual Insurance Club dined at the American House, and Dr. Holmes presided at the dinner of the original Saturday Club at Parker's.

This last circumstance of course disarms criticism. If any one was going to say anything derogatory to the practice of eating solid meals in the middle of the solid day as a preliminary to discourse on solid subjects (like Insurance or the Executive Council), he may just as well hold his peace. Prandial and post-prandial habits that are countenanced by the Autocrat may excite wonder, but only the class of critics who rush in where angels fear to tread would venture to deride them. And yet, to any one not a Bostonian and brought up to it, there is something queer, not to say weird, about gormandizing by daylight in hotels, and sitting under after-dinner speakers in their "business suits."

How does it happen that there has been no protest from American mothers against the threatened revival of American shipping? For a whole generation there has been nothing in the nature of maritime allurement to tempt any reasonable American lad to leave his warm bed, shin down the water-pipe from the second-story window, and hie him away to a life on the bounding deep. For a generation the American mother has lost very little sleep over her sailor son, and he has been content to stay at home, or thereabouts, and find some more lucrative job than seafaring. Her safeguard now is the comparative scarcity of sails. The romance has gone out of the marine profession, and only the business end of it is left. The New-Englander with brine in his blood sniffs at steamers, and is liable to speak of even the great Atlantic liners as "floating restaurants," which call not so much for sea-captains as for men who can keep a hotel. Such is his scornful attitude; a mistaken one, but often sincere enough to keep him ashore.

Several allusions have been made in recent numbers of Harper's Weekly to the bill before the New York Legislature for the purchase of land and buildings in Livingston County to be used for the establishment of a colony of epileptics. At this writing (March 16th) the bill has passed the Assembly, and gives fair promise of becoming a law. The property for the purchase of which it provides is that of the Sonyea Society of United Christian Believers, and is a tract of 1800 acres near Mount Morris, in the Genesee Valley. The buildings on the tract are valuable, and fit for the uses to which the property would be put. The price, $125,000, is considered by the State Board of Charities to be less than a fair consideration for the estate, but the present owners bought it for benevolent uses, and prefer that, if possible, it should continue to be used for charitable purposes.

There are hospitals for epileptics in several States, some of them on the cottage plan, but nowhere in this country is there such a colony as it is now proposed to establish. The model enterprise of the sort is that at Bielefeld, in Germany, which was lately described in an article copied from the *Contemporary Review* into the *Popular Science Monthly*. Most epileptics are able to work, but cannot keep ordinary situations, because as soon as their infirmity shows itself they lose their places. Consequently, if they are poor, they are sent to poorhouses, or live at home, often under distressing conditions. The one thing that is the surest preventive of insanity resulting from epilepsy is steady work, and that is just what is denied to most epileptics who are poor. The purpose of a colony is to give these unfortunate people a chance to keep their disease at bay, and earn for themselves, in part at least, a decent and honorable livelihood. Many of them are self-respecting people of character and capacity, who are utterly out of place in poorhouses, but who are shut out from ordinary industries. The State Board of Charities says that there are probably 5000 epileptics in this State for whom no fit provision is now made. People who are conversant with the charitable work of any of the larger cities know how badly off these sufferers are, and how little they are to blame for the case they are in. It is to be hoped that considerations neither of economy nor of politics will prevent the Senate and the Governor from giving them the benefit of the chance that now offers.

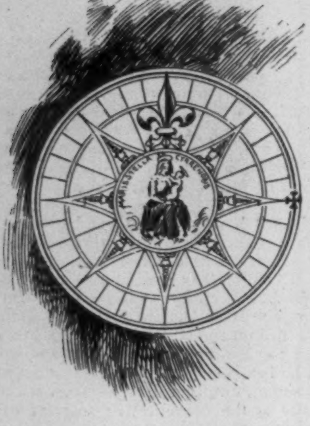
London has a new paper, the *Divorce Gazette*, which gives special reports of current divorce cases, without omitting any details of the evidence. The English public seems to have an exceptionally violent taste for divorce literature. The space given to it in the most conservative and respectable London papers surprises American readers. The British reader whom the ordinary divorce reports in the reputable papers do not satisfy, must be one of that thorough-going class of moderns who are not content with being dipped into the gutter, but demand to wallow in it.

A recent Washington despatch gives the details of a mackerel-shaped flying-machine, in the construction of which Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, is reported to be engaged. An elaborate working model of the machine has been contrived, and when perfected is to be tested at a lonely place "about forty-five miles down the Potomac." The machine, says this despatch, was built in a secret room of the Smithsonian Institution, where it now rests.

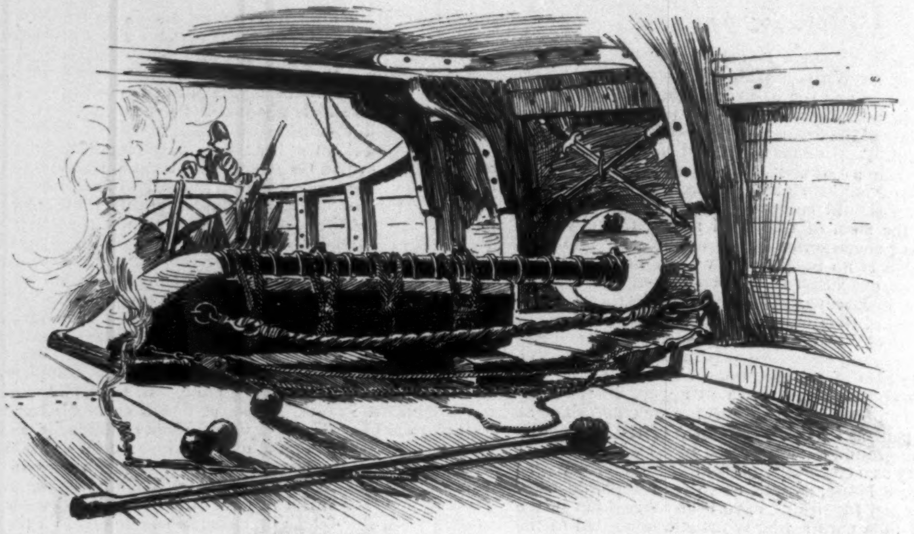
> "It was conceived about twenty months ago by Professor Langley, who associated with him in the work of experimentation Chief Clerk W. C. Winlock and Dr. Kidder, a scientific expert employed at that time in the institution. Four skilled workmen in mechanics and metallurgy were put to work at fifty cents an hour, under pledge of secrecy. The work went on at odd hours, mostly at night and on Sundays. Professor Langley went to France to personally superintend the making of the central tube, which constitutes the backbone of the structure, and brought it back with him among his personal effects, to insure careful handling."

Interest attaches to this report for several reasons. Even a flying-machine must be taken seriously if it has engaged the serious and protracted attention of a man of such scientific eminence as the head of the Smithsonian Institution. Furthermore, what makes the story credible and adds to the importance of the experiment is the fact that a large sum of money was given in 1891 by Thomas Hodgkins of Setauket to the Smithsonian Institution to be devoted "to the increase and diffusion of more exact knowledge in regard to the nature and properties of atmospheric air in connection with the welfare of man." If it is a property of atmospheric air to be navigable by human beings, there is no doubt that the welfare of man might be singularly promoted by an increase of knowledge in that direction. It was to be expected, therefore, that one of the first uses to which Professor Langley would put the accumulating income of the Hodgkins fund would be to make as exhaustive a test as contemporary knowledge permits of the feasibility of flying-machines. The results of his experiment will be awaited with interest. He has a great advantage over that other experimenter, Mr. Keeley, in that he is not dependent upon the support of stockholders with hearts to be made sick by dividends long deferred.

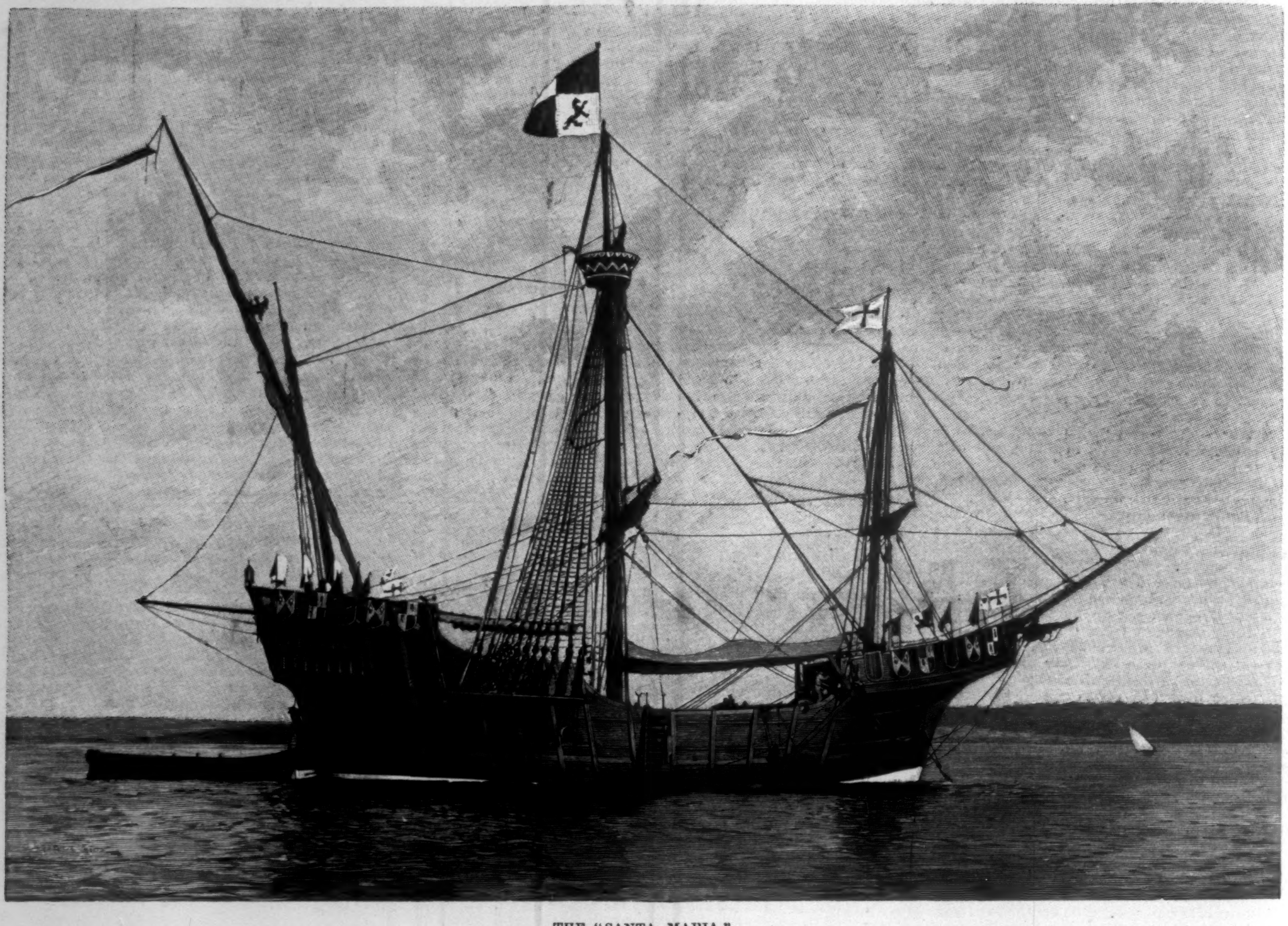
E. S. Martin.



COMPASS.



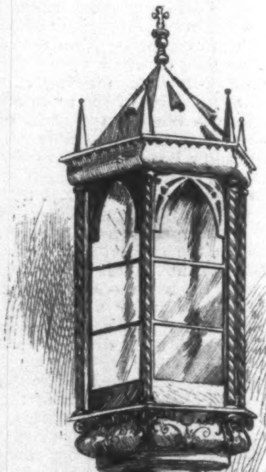
AN OLD-TIME GUN.



THE "SANTA MARIA."

A RELIC OF THE TIME OF COLUMBUS.

A CURIOUS COLLECTION OF FLAGS AND BANNERS.



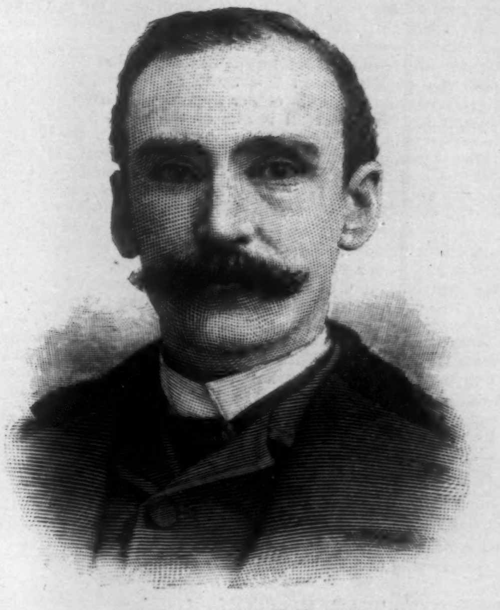
ADMIRAL'S LANTERN.

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION—THE CARAVEL "SANTA MARIA."

From Drawings by HARRY C. EDWARDS, and a Photograph.—[See Page 282.]

THE HON. ISAAC PUSEY GRAY.
United States Minister to Mexico.

THE HON. JAMES H. BLOUNT.
Commissioner to the Hawaiian Islands.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.


THE HON. WILLIAM McADOO.
Assistant Secretary of the Navy.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.

MR. CLEVELAND'S NOMINATIONS.

MR. CLEVELAND'S first appointments are of men thoroughly well known in politics. They have excited no surprise, for they were natural appointments for Mr. Cleveland to make. There is not one of the nominees who was not an important factor in the campaign that resulted in Mr. Cleveland's nomination and election.

The most important nomination is that of Isaac Pusey Gray as Minister to Mexico. Mr. Gray has for several years been one of the most prominent Democrats in Indiana. He was born in Pennsylvania October 18, 1828. When he was a child his father took him to Ohio, and when he was married, in 1855, he went to Union City, which is partly in Ohio and partly in Indiana. He was first in business, then became a lawyer, and when the war broke out he went into the army, and was a captain in the Fourth Indiana Cavalry. He was a Republican until Grant's administration, having been the Republican leader in the State Senate. General Grant offered him the Consulate to St. Thomas in 1870, but he declined the office, because he did not agree with the President's policy. In 1872 he joined the Liberal Republican movement, and from that time to this he has been a Democrat. In 1876 he was elected Lieutenant-Governor, and after the death of Williams, the Governor, he filled the higher office until the expiration of the term. He was elected Governor of the State in 1884, and was the choice of his party in Indiana for the Presidential nomination in 1892. His friends early saw, however, that Mr. Cleveland's nomination was absolutely certain, and therefore withdrew Mr. Gray's name. He was then made a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, but was defeated by Mr. Stevenson. During the campaign his conduct was worthy of his previous reputation, and it was confidently expected that he would go into the cabinet. The appointment of Judge Gresham, however, made it difficult to select him for the office that he desired, and he was made Minister to Mexico at his own request. The Mexican mission is now on the same footing as the four first-class missions of Europe, and the salary is the same, $17,500 a year.

DANIEL HUDSON BURNHAM.
Chief of Construction of the Columbian Exposition.—[See Page 286.]

THE LATE JULES FERRY.
President of the French Senate.—[See Page 278.]

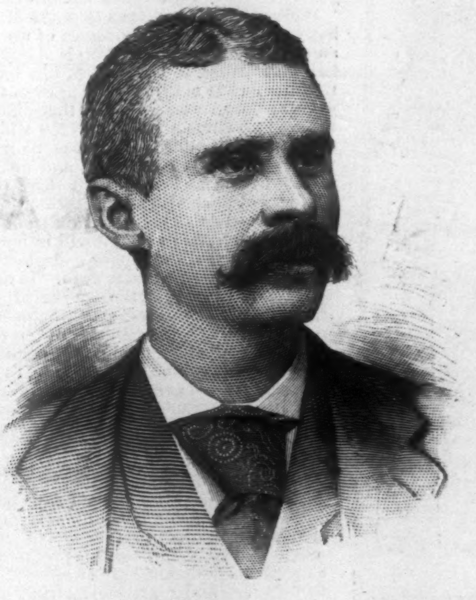
The most valuable office, pecuniarily, in the gift of the President is the Consulate-General at London. Its revenues are large, and the social duties required of the Consul-General are nothing. Mr. Patrick A. Collins, who has been appointed to the office, is one of the best-known Irishmen in this country and in Great Britain. He came to the United States when he was four years old, and he has lived at Chelsea and Boston, Massachusetts, ever since. He gained his legal education while he worked as an upholsterer, and was elected a State Senator while he was a student at Harvard College Law School. He served as a State legislator for several years, was Judge-Advocate General on Governor Gaston's staff, and served three terms in the Federal House of Representatives, retiring voluntarily to resume his law practice, which is important. Mr. Collins is one of the cleverest and ablest orators in the country, and his services to Mr. Cleveland on the stump, especially in 1884, when he held the Irish vote to its old-time party allegiance against its tendency to stampede to Mr. Blaine, was of the utmost importance. It was Mr. Collins's task in the last campaign to defeat Patrick Egan's attempt to carry the Irish vote away from Mr. Cleveland.

He is, first of all, an American citizen, and next a most devoted and intelligent friend of his native land. He is probably the most popular Irishman there is with both wings of the Home Rule party, and will be eminently *persona grata* to Mr. Gladstone's government.

Josiah Quincy, who has been appointed Assistant Secretary of State, is one of the ablest, perhaps the most intellectual, of the young men who have came to the front in Massachusetts Democratic politics. He is of the family which has given two mayors of his name to Boston. He is about thirty-five years old, a graduate of Harvard University, and a lawyer. He is a most admirable campaign manager, and as Chairman of the Massachusetts Democratic State Committee has conducted the contests which have aided in the election of Governor Russell. He has been a member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, but has not held any other office.

James H. Blount, who has gone to Hawaii for the purpose of investigating the question of the annexation of the Sandwich Islands to the United States, has for twenty years been one of the most prominent Democrats of the South, and one of the leading men in the Federal House of Representatives. He has been especially active as the Chairman of the Com-

THE HON. PATRICK A. COLLINS.
Consul-General at London.—From a Photograph by Bell, Washington.


THE HON. JOSIAH QUINCY.
Assistant Secretary of State.

THE HON. ROBERT A. MAXWELL.
Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General.

mittee on Post-offices and Post-roads. Recently he has been Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. He is about fifty-six years old. He is not a member of the present Congress, having declined a renomination.

A most important political appointment is that of Robert A. Maxwell, of Batavia, in this State, as Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General. This officer appoints the fourth-class postmasters. Mr. Maxwell is one of the most active and aggressive enemies of the Hill-Murphy machine in this State. He was Treasurer of the State when Mr. Cleveland was Governor, and in 1886 was appointed by Governor Hill to be Superintendent of the Insurance Department. In 1888 Mr. Maxwell was suspected by Governor Hill of being more of a Cleveland than a Hill man, and the relations between the two became strained. The Governor removed him in 1891. Mr. Maxwell was a very energetic anti-snapper.

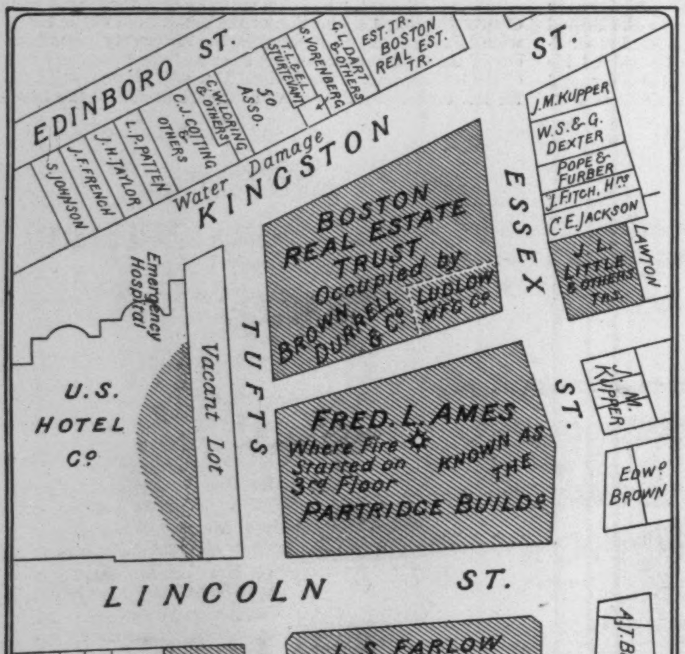
William McAdoo, named for Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was born in Ireland in 1853. He came to this country in early boyhood, and went to live in Jersey City. There he studied law and practised his profession until he was elected to the Forty-eighth Congress. He served in that and in the Forty-ninth, Fiftieth, and Fifty-first Congresses. He was at first greatly attached to the late Samuel J. Randall, but soon developed into an ardent advocate of tariff reform and a warm friend of Mr. Cleveland. He is one of the best stump-speakers in the party, and was a good and frequent debater in Congress. He served on the Committee on Naval Affairs, and is in sympathy with all that has been done for the reconstruction of the navy during the last two administrations. His selection is as much an evidence of friendship for the navy as that of Mr. Herbert.

THE BOSTON FIRE.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire occurred in Boston on the afternoon of March 10th. Although the progress of the flames was effectually checked within three hours after the sounding of the first general alarm, nearly three million dollars' worth of property was destroyed, three lives were lost, and some twenty-five persons were injured. Strange as it may seem, all of Boston's big fires have been nearly in the same district, and all the alarms have been sent in from the same box—No. 52. The scene of this last conflagration is about three-fourths of a mile from the City Hall, and almost touches the boundaries of the portion burned over by the big Thanksgiving fire of 1889. The United States Hotel, the Brown-Durrell Building, the Ames Building, the Farlow, Brigham, and Little buildings, were all reduced to a mass of charred timber, bricks, and granite blocks, heaped one upon another. Tufts Street, forming the southern boundary-line of the fire, presented a weird appearance when our artist, only a few hours after the fire, made the series of sketches for the accompanying illustrations. Looking east from Kingston Street one could see on the left the charred and tottering walls of the Brown-Durrell Building; while on the right, through broken walls, half-burned stairways, and wreaths of shifting smoke, he might catch a glimpse of the blackened rear walls of the United States Hotel. Further down upon the left was the F. L. Ames—or "Partridge" Building, as it is called—in the centre of which and upon the third floor the fire originated. In the main entrance of the Brown-Durrell Building on Kingston Street was a seething cataract of rushing water pouring down from the stairways.

The Emergency Hospital, which adjoins the Brown-Durrell Building on Kingston Street, sent no ambulance for sufferers, but stretchers with the injured and dying were constantly passing in and out. Dr. George A. Galvin, of the hospital, his leg in a plaster cast from a recent injury, heroically superintended the care of the many sufferers. In spite of the peril, the doctor devoted his whole time to the preservation of human life, and was the last one to be carried through the doorway on a stretcher.

District Chief John F. Egan, of South Boston, had perhaps one of the most remarkable escapes from death ever experienced at a big conflagration. Passing to the roof of the Brown-Durrell Building with an employé to open roof hydrants, he found himself cut off from all means of escape, on the top of a six-story building, eighty feet from the ground. Frantic endeavors to attract the attention of his men below proved fruitless. At length the chief threw his white hat down into the crowd. A hundred faces turned aloft and caught sight of the two men. Ladders were at once raised, and vain efforts made to reach them.



MAP OF THE BURNED DISTRICT.

The chief's companion disappeared in the blinding smoke and flame. Mr. Egan was given up for lost. Suddenly the wondering crowd saw a thrilling sight. The daring chief approached cautiously the cornice, and working himself along over the edge, grasped the end of a thick line of cable extending across the street. A firm circling of the arms, a similar grasp of the legs, and the daring adventurer, head and body downwards, began slowly edging his way along the slender and perilous bridge. To those watching him minutes seemed hours, and women, and even men, in the street below fainted from the awful suspense. Inch by inch, foot by foot, he made his way along. Brave firemen severed carefully the cable end upon the opposite side of the street, and attaching a rope, slowly lowered the cut end to the ground. Twenty feet from the ground the chief's strength left him, and he fell headlong, a helpless form, into a life-net held by his comrades below.

The Ames Building, where the fire started, and the Brown-Durrell adjoining, were by far the largest of the structures destroyed, being new buildings, costing $300,000 each. Without giving a detailed description of the edifices, which were both of "mill" or "slow-burning" construction, we may perhaps note that the floor area of the Brown-Durrell Building was 20,600 square feet, the lower story being of stone, and those above of brick with stone trimmings. The owners are the Boston Real Estate and Trust Company.

The Ames Building was perhaps the finest of its class in the city; the water-table at the base was of red Bradford granite, while the material of the first and second stories was Longmeadow sandstone. From the third story upward the building was of red brick. The cornice was remarkably rich and heavy, and the roof was flat, covered with composition. Three fire-proof stairways extended from basement to upper floor, but in spite of this fact the flames were soon leaping swiftly from floor to floor, and the structure was doomed. The fire spread like magic through the fire-proof blocks of terra-cotta composing the partitions, and employés fled for their lives.

This was Boston's big fire of '72 over again, and our business community has suffered a most severe blow, from which it will take many months to recover.

MILTON JEROME STONE, JUN.

DANIEL HUDSON BURNHAM.

A PUBLIC dinner will be given on the evening of March 25th to Daniel Hudson Burnham, the Director of Works of the World's Columbian Exposition. The call for this dinner explains tersely the origin of the function, for it reads: At the dedication of the buildings of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in October last, there was a general expression of opinion on the part of the artists that some testimonial should be given to Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, Director of Works, in recognition of the great benefit to architecture, sculpture, and painting resulting from his connection with the fair. The call was signed by the following gentlemen: William W Appleton, Edwin Booth, J. G. Brown, Howard Russell Butler, C. C. Beaman, H. C. Bunner, Joseph H. Choate, William M. Chase, Beverly Chew, Chauncey M. Depew, Timothy Dwight, Rev. E. Winchester Donald, Charles W. Eliot, Joseph Evans, Charles Fairchild, Charles S. Fairchild, Richard Watson Gilder, Rev. David H. Greer, Daniel C. Gilman, Henry L. Higginson, Henry E. Howland, William D. Howells, J. Henry Harper, Richard M. Hunt, Edward W. Hooper, Eastman Johnson, Joseph Jefferson, Edward H. Kendall, Seth Low, Charles F. McKim, Henry G. Marquand, John A. Mitchell, William R. Mead, Francis D. Millet, Thomas L. Manson, Jun., Thomas Newbold, Charles Eliot Norton, Frederick Law Olmsted, Dr. Francis Lindsay Patton, Robert S. Peabody, George B. Post, Henry W. Poor, Daniel G. Rollins, E. Randolph Robinson, Frederick W. Rhinelander, Augustus St. Gaudens, Charles Scribner, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Francis Lynde Stetson, Charles Dudley Warner, Thomas W. Wood, William R. Ware.

It is a noteworthy fact that this will be the first occasion in the history of this country when a member of one of the artistic professions has been publicly honored. The real significance of the event is deeper and more far-reaching than the ceremony of recognizing Mr. Burnham's great services in the construction of the "White City." It means that the time has come when the importance of art as an active factor in civilization is at last at hand. Further, it encourages the hope that the day is not far off when even the government may emerge from the penumbra of indifference and ignorance which has so long shrouded it, as far as its relations with art is concerned, and finally awake to the knowledge that there is a standard of taste which is as distinct from political creeds as the latter are from religious beliefs, and which it will be worth while for the nation's honor and glory to recognize, cultivate, and reward. In honoring Mr. Burnham, the guests of the dinner will be honoring art through him as the foremost representative of the profession of architecture in this country, and the event will be epoch-making in the best sense of the expression.

A brief biography of Mr. Burnham is sure to be of interest. He was born in Henderson, Jefferson County, New York, on September 4, 1846, and his parents were natives of Vermont, his great-great-grandfather on his mother's side being Samuel Hopkins of Revolutionary fame. His family moved to Chicago in 1855, where he passed through his preliminary educational period, and afterwards studied three years under private instruction in Massachusetts. Returning to Chicago in the autumn of 1867 he entered the office of Loring & Jenney, architects, where he passed eighteen months, and then for the sake of health and experience spent a year or more in a mining and ranch life in Nevada. On his return from the far West he renewed the study of his chosen profession in the office of Mr. L. G. Laureau, and after the great fire of October, 1871, engaged with Messrs. Carter, Drake, & Wight, in whose office he made the acquaintance of John W. Root, with whom he formed a partnership in 1873, which lasted until Mr. Root's untimely death in January, 1891. The great fire swept away the crude efforts of the earlier Chicago architects, and the new firm had every opportunity for the exercise of the joint talents of the two young men, each of whom had already made a reputation for himself as an architectural designer.

It was an ideal combination, for the qualities of the one supplemented those of the others, Mr. Root being generally recognized as the artist of the firm, and Mr. Burnham as the executive officer and administrator. For eighteen years they worked in perfect harmony, and in that time left a great mark not only on the architecture of Chicago, but of the country. Mr. Burnham is an engineer of great ability, and his methods of construction are at the same time novel, modern, and eminently practical, and have revolutionized to a great extent the systems in former use. The twenty-story Masonic Temple, the Monadnock, the Woman's Temple, the Montauk, the Rialto, the Rookery, and scores of other huge structures are worthy monuments to his skill and taste. In the rush of an active business, which extends from Georgia to California, Mr. Burnham has found the time, for he has had the strong impulse, to encourage the interests of his profession at large. He was one of the first to join the call for a meeting of architects in Chicago in 1884 to organize the Western Association of Architects, of which he was the first president, as he was also of the Illinois Association of Architects. Both these associations have become part of the American Institute of Architects, of which organization Mr. Burnham is now vice-president.

In September, 1890, the World's Columbian Exposition appointed Messrs. Burnham & Root consulting architects. A month later Mr. Burnham was appointed chief of construction, and upon the death of Mr. Root assumed the responsibilities of consulting architect, in addition to his duties as the head of the construction department. The first great point which Mr. Burnham was called upon to decide in the construction of the exposition was the choice of architects, and he succeeded in securing the authority to ignore all precedent in regard to competition, and to appoint a board of architects to design the buildings. The wisdom of this choice is amply proved by the edifices themselves. In the summer of 1892 Mr. Burnham was appointed director of works, and given entire charge of both the artistic and practical work of preparing the grounds and buildings, the control of the police, transportation, and all other physical forces of the exposition. There need be no comment on the work he has done. The public has already declared it noble beyond the most enthusiastic prediction.

"PEACE," BY WALTER L. DEAN.

THE painting called "Peace," by Walter L. Dean, of Boston, which is to be exhibited in the World's Fair, is on a canvas nine feet wide by six feet three inches high, and represents the White Squadron at anchor in Boston Harbor. The most conspicuous vessel is the flag-ship *Chicago*, Rear-Admiral John J. Walker commanding, and farther up the harbor lie the cruisers *Newark*, *Atlanta*, *Yorktown*, and *Boston*. At the main-topsail yard-arm of the flag-ship the signal "furl sails" is displayed. The *Newark* is guard ship of the squadron, as is indicated by a white flag with a red cross flying at her mast-head. The historic yacht *America* is seen running up the harbor between the *Chicago* and the *Atlanta*. In the distance the city of Boston, with the gilded dome of the Massachusetts State-house, is visible at the left, East Boston at the right, and the Charlestown Navy-yard between the two. The old sloop-of-war *Wabash* lies at the navy yard, and the Bunker Hill Monument is in view beyond the State-house at the left. Under a clear summer sky the water is only slightly rippled by a faint breeze, and is full of dancing reflections of the great white cruisers. A soft veil of smoke hangs over the distant city. In spite of the presence of the white cruisers, the serene aspect of the scene suggests no thought of war. Moreover, Mr. Dean, in common with a great many other people, believes that one of the most effective ways of maintaining peace is to be prepared for war.

The artist was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1854, and has passed most of his life in Boston, whither his parents moved when he was a small child. Boats and boating were his earliest predilection, and he passed every possible moment out of school hours on the water. His Herreshoff cat-boat *Fannie* was for many years the fastest boat of her size; and in 1875, when *Forest and Stream* published an account of all the races sailed throughout the country, the *Fannie* was declared the champion of the season for the United States, having sailed for many prizes, and having taken first prize in each race.

When his school days were over, Dean was given an opportunity to study the business of cotton manufacture in his native city, and in order to gain a thorough familiarity with all the details of the trade, he entered a mill and worked in succession at every machine in the establishment, from opening the bales of raw cotton to weaving, etc., and finally to baling the finished cloth. But this occupation proved to have little attraction for him, and he determined to give it up. He went back to Boston and entered an evening drawing-school. The following year he went to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and studied architecture for a short time under Professor William R. Ware, and subsequently entered the Massachusetts Normal Art School to take the elementary course. He remained there three years, taking the third and fourth years courses in one year. After graduation he was appointed teacher of drawing in the Boston free evening drawing-schools, where he worked during two winters. He then accepted the offer of a position as art instructor at the Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana. On his return to Boston from the West he decided to devote all of his time to painting, and he studied for a year under M. Achille Oudinot, a delightful old French gentleman, an intimate friend of Corot, and an accomplished landscape-painter, who has since died in France.

In 1882 Dean went to Paris, and passed a year studying in the Julian Academy under Lefebvre and Boulanger. He then took to the country, and more particularly to the seacoast, and rambled through Brittany, Belgium, Holland, Italy, and England, filling his sketch-books with a mass of drawings and his trunk with oil studies, of which I remember certain breezy North Sea and Zuyder Zee pictures full of spirit and color.

When he returned to Boston, after an absence of two years and a half, almost the first thing he did was to fit up the yacht *Undine*, of twenty-six tons, and to set forth on a sketching cruise which lasted over four months. Acting as his own skipper, and never taking a pilot, he cruised along the New England coast at his own sweet will from June till October, visiting every port between Boston and Eastport.

At another time he made voyages on the barkentine *Christina Redman* and the bark *Woodside* for the purpose of becoming familiar with square-rigged vessels, which, as every marine painter will agree, are far more picturesque than the big "wind-jammers" that have so largely displaced them in the coasting trade. When a mere boy he had made a mackerel cruise on the Gloucester fishing-vessel *Annie C. Friend* to the Banks, shipping as one of the crew, and being at sea a month during his vacation. Enough has been said to show that he loves the sea, but to any one who is acquainted with his pictures this evidence of his taste for it is unnecessary. Among his principal paintings may be named "The Dutch Fishing Fleet," "The Gloucester Seiners," "Grand Banker Homeward Bound," "Summer Day on the Dutch Shore," "Little Good Harbor Beach, Gloucester," "Beach at Scheveningen," "The Market Boat, Capri," "Racing Home," "Old Ferry Landing," "Stormy Day, North Sea," "In the Yacht's Cabin," "Clitheroe Castle," "Breton Interior," "The Game-Warden," etc. In general his Dutch pictures are his best, as most marine painters' are, for there seems to be something inspiring to an artist in the very air of Vandervelde's country.

W. H. Downes.

A STUDY IN OVERCOATS.

The inland cities of America, like those of other countries of the world, are provincial when compared with the capitals on the tide-water, and to which foreign ships frequently go. London contains every day so many foreigners that a man, to excite any interest there, would have to be strange indeed. An American Indian in red blanket and with feathers in his hair had power, till a few years ago, to make pedestrians on the streets of London turn round and stare. But since the visits of Colonel the Honorable William F. Cody, with his Wild West Show, neither Sioux nor Comanche would attract more than a passing glance in Oxford Street or Piccadilly. To make a Londoner turn round and look nowadays a man would have to array himself in the full dress of an African chief—a breech-clout and a high silk hat. It may be that the traditional uniform of a Georgia major might excite some remark, if not alarm. And so in New York the ships that sail in bring so many strange visitors that the eyes of New-Yorkers have become familiar with the dress of men, it matters not how far their homes may be from this Western world. But it is a new thing in Chicago for men from all parts of the world to elbow each other in the lobbies of the hotels. The Columbian Exposition has attracted to the shores of Lake Michigan men from nearly every foreign country. Those who have been there this winter have generally been such as have been sent to prepare official exhibits. As public employment in almost every other country than the United States attracts the best men, it is probably safe to conclude that the foreigners one now sees in Chicago are excellent types of their respective countries.

This has been a hard winter in Chicago, and he who had to brave the weather at Jackson Park needed to dress with great care. Mr. de Thulstrup has already shown us how the gripman of the cable-cars had to wrap himself up to ward off pneumonia and rheumatism. Though there are none others quite so constantly exposed as the gripmen, still many others found fur coats good things to wear. The bother about a fur coat is that when one gets accustomed to wearing it, it has to be worn with great constancy. Therefore, when the artist looked about him in the hotel lobby, he usually saw many men still wearing their furs, though, as everybody knows, a hotel lobby is nearly always kept at a temperature approximating eighty degrees. In Chicago, of an evening, at the Auditorium, the Pacific, the Palmer House, or the Wellington, are to be seen men in many varieties of furs. We see the shaggy buffalo, the silky seal, and the curled astrakhan. These three predominate, the buffalo being seen most frequently, and then the seal, and then the astrakhan. But the skins of many other animals are used in making these great-coats, even the humble rabbit-skin being sometimes brought into requisition, and also the fox and the beaver and the deer. A man wearing a conventional silk hat and the ordinary every-day clothes of an ordinary man cannot but look in half-masquerade when he puts on a top-coat of fur. But in Chicago in midwinter such a costume would excite no remark whatever. Also in these hotel lobbies are to be seen, in the evening, just as the artist has sketched in his picture, Chinamen and Japanese and Spanish and Italian and French officers in full uniform, just ready to go or just returned from some social function. Chicago will never be the same city that it was after this fair. Foreign customs are already creeping in to modify the old-time democracy, and once a community is thus inoculated, it never resumes its earlier simplicity. In Philadelphia every one dined at two o'clock till 1876; now the dinner hour is the same as in London and Paris. They who twenty years ago would be known at a glance for what they were are now citizens of the world, and at home in any part of it. Chicago, never so provincial as Philadelphia, will undergo the change which touch with the great world brings more easily and quickly than the Quaker City did, but the change will probably be as great in habits and customs, and extend even to the universal wearing of fur coats in winter.

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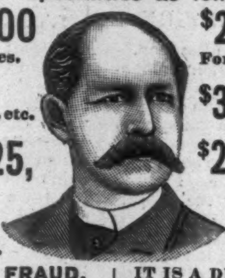

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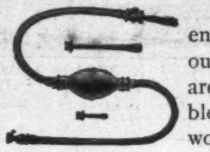

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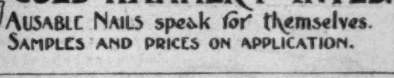

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I STRIVE to probe to other hearts, and find
  I do but fret the phantom of mine own;
I strain to paint great Nature, and my mind
  But images itself in every zone.
The lesson learned, I sing Life's woven lay
In syllables of Self, and can no other way.

RICHARD BURTON.

AT THE "SOO" JUNCTION.

THE time was a cold October afternoon.

The place was a lonely junction waiting-room in northern Michigan.

The people of the drama were an old lumberman in "store clothes" and a young man whose apparel proclaimed the city.

And then there was a rough pine box, about six feet long, on a truck outside. Perhaps that might have been called "the properties."

There is no more desolate place than the Sault Ste. Marie junction. And it was raining that afternoon. There is a dirty little station, and the train despatcher's house on one side of the main track. Opposite is a deserted log cabin. There is nothing else to be seen. In summer the commonest flowers shun the spot. The old man with the crape on his hat sat looking out at the box on the truck. The young commercial traveller, or advance agent, or whoever he was, stared vacantly at his companion. The time passed slowly and drearily. Once a freight train rattled by. The young man got all the enjoyment he could out of that, and ruefully viewed the caboose fading away into the fog.

At length, as if compelled to speak, the old man said: "Say, I hate t' see th' rain fall on that 'ere coffin so. They oughter made th' eavses t' this yere station bigger. I tried to bring him in, but that truck's too wide. Jim was a fine boy, he was, afore he went up t' Marquette. That's him out there. It warn't onnateral fer him t' want ter go. There hain't nothin' to keep a bright boy t' home in a town what's got nothin' in it but my ole saw-mill an' th' store. But, O Lord, I wisht he'd a staid—I wisht he'd a staid! A country boy ain't got no show in one o' them tough iron towns. I ain't a-blamen' Jim fer leaven' me. But he was all I had. He didn't know how much I wanted him t' stay or he'd a done it. He didn't have no sort o' raisen'. His mother died when he was just a little feller. When he growed up, nothin' 'ud do but he mus' go away. He goes up t' Marquette an' gits him a good job on th' ore docks, being strong an' handy. He uster write me th' fines' letters you ever seen ev'ry Sunday reg'lur. He was up there jest four months when he quit writen'. I stood it a month, an' then I went up. He was sick in a measly boardin'-house. He was consider'ble sick, but we fetched him through an' I took him home. He got good an' well again. He said he'd stay with me t' home. But he didn't. He runned off one night. I didn't care fer what he took, if he'd only a com' back. He kep' a-writen' fer money t' come home on, and I kep' a-senden' it—but I had ter go fer my boy. He was shot through the heart in a saloon at the Soo. That's him out there. I ain't a-blamen' him. I didn't raise him as I—"

Then a whistle was heard. It was the awaited train. With careful hands the father, the train despatcher, and the young man wheeled the coffin to the baggage car. Gently the burden was lifted within. The old man climbed in to be by his dead. The door was shut. And in a moment the train was lost in the burnt pine barrens.

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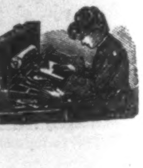


AMATEUR · SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney is now absent on an extended tour through the United States and Canada. In the course of his trip he will visit all the important sporting centres, and make a thorough examination of the present condition of amateur sport in America. During his absence this department will be supplied with articles by prominent authorities on special topics connected with Amateur Sport.

THE DEGENERATION OF HORSE-RACING.

BY JOHN A. HENNESSY.

WHAT is known as the legitimate racing season of 1893 will begin at Washington in April and end at Linden or Elizabeth, New Jersey, in November. There is every promise now of brilliant success, but, as in 1892, this promise may be blighted by general mismanagement, and a failure on the part of the jockey clubs to properly protect the public from the fraudulent plans of men who care nothing for the good advancement of the turf. Public condemnation was severely set on jockey club management in 1892, and the reports filed with the State Comptroller at Albany show that every racing association within the jurisdiction of the Board of Control suffered a great falling off in gate receipts. The paying attendance did not average four thousand persons a day, which does not speak well for the gentlemen who control the management of the Eastern turf.

The lack of confidence by the public grew day by day in 1892, and was especially noticeable at the meetings of the Coney Island Jockey Club at Sheepshead Bay. The grand stand was rarely half filled during the spring and autumn meetings. The Coney Island Jockey Club has been going back steadily in public favor since the death of Mr. Leonard Jerome, who was its efficient president, and the fact is now generally recognized that a complete reorganization of the club's management must come to pass if the old-time prestige is to be regained. What is true of this once prosperous jockey club is in a lesser degree true of the New York and Brooklyn jockey clubs and the Monmouth Park Racing Association. Men beyond the prime of life, chained to old traditions of the turf, not alive to the new conditions which exist, and not strong enough to be independent in their convictions, form one element in the turf management of to-day. The present and the future seem a blank to them; they live in the past. The other element in control comprises men prominent in the political life of the cities of New York and Brooklyn and the State of New Jersey. This element has a very dense idea of turf morality, if it has any idea of morality at all, and insists on managing racing matters after the style most in favor with political machines. The members in this latter class own stock in the race-tracks, have race-horses, employ jockeys, and in some instances are interested in the profits made by certain book-makers. All of these men gamble, and are under obligations to other men who own race-horses and speculate in the betting ring.

The result is the growth of a privileged class of horsemen who have "influential connections," or what in public life would be termed a "political pull." They can take daring chances in the running of their horses. Their jockeys may ride in slovenly fashion and escape official censure, and, generally speaking, they can do pretty much as they please so long as they have the political elements of the turf behind them. Sometimes one man more hardened than the others may overstep the broad line of protection afforded him, in which event his jockey may be made a scapegoat until public clamor has subsided. The amiable old gentlemen who act as figure-heads and draw salaries are too discreet to challenge the opinions of those officials or stockholders whose political affiliations have much to do with determining the decisions of the stewards of racing. The horseman, trainer, or jockey who has no influence at court must walk a pretty straight line, unless he wishes to suffer condign punishment at the first lapse from morality. He is in the position of the unprotected liquor-dealer who is pounced upon by the virtuous policeman. He must come in out of the wet and divide the spoils occasionally, or take chances of having no friends to plead his cause if the necessity should arise. This evil has grown measurably with the increase of the political element on the turf. The gentlemen who raced for sport have been crowded out of turf management, although still factors in actual racing. They no longer have any power in the making of turf laws, or in the settlement of allegedly fraudulent races. Such men as Perry Belmont, August Belmont, O. P. H. Belmont, James R. Keene, Foxhall Keene, Pierre Lorillard, Frederick Gebhard, S. S. Brown, Nathan Straus, Chester C. Chapin, and others of the same class, are not represented in the Board of Control or in the steward's stand. All this explains why the attendance, which fell off notably in 1891 and 1892, may not be appreciably increased in 1893, unless the reputable stockholders assert themselves and determine that the rules of racing shall be lived up to by all, and shall be interpreted in the interest of the public.

Another evil which has grown to hurt the turf in the last few years is the employment by the jockey clubs of gentlemen who are employed as turf writers on metropolitan newspapers. These gentlemen are employed in various stations, at a rate of pay ranging from $10 to $50 a day. Nearly as many more have applied from time to time for employment. These gentlemen can hardly be expected to do justice to their newspapers in the matter of fearless criticism while receiving the money of the clubs they are called upon to write of. This has led to an increased lack of confidence on the part of the public, and to a belief that fraud underlies almost everything in racing. As a matter of fact, there is not one-tenth of the fraud in racing which turf-goers believe exists, but the failure of turf officials to take notice of flagrant cases has naturally increased the suspicion of fraud which always finds lodgement in the minds of many. Turf-goers look to the proprietor of the Coney Island Jockey Club to set the pace in turf reforms. The other clubs will have to follow. He is independent, if he chooses to be, of political dictation. He should compel his employés to be so, and he can do so. He ought not to permit persons who are not stockholders to manage his property. A renewal of the excellent management that obtained three, four, five, and six years ago would regain for the club and the turf much of the prestige that has been lost. Judges who are competent and independent would work a great reform in racing.

Otherwise than is suggested above the outlook for racing is bright. Good management can make a brilliant season. English horses are to come along and contest for many of our rich prizes. Thanks to Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree, Colonel J. T. North (sometimes called the Nitrate King) will send over quite a collection of thoroughbreds, including such noted handicap horses as El Diablo, Rough and Ready, High Commissioner, and Sir Frederick Roberts. Many wealthy American gentlemen who came upon the turf last year will be joined this season by half a dozen others who are sure to add to the respectability of the sport. Mr. Richard Croker, too, so successful in political life, will try his fortunes upon the turf, and will not fail for lack of advice, which he will receive from gentlemen who combine politics with the turf.

In horses the turf will be very strong. It is doubtful if we ever had such a magnificent collection of four-year-olds. The mere mention of St. Florian, Lamplighter, Tammany, His Highness, Locohatchee, Yorkville Belle, Leonawell, Mars, Victory, and Pactolus suggests magnificent equine contests. These named will strengthen the handicap division, in which will be found the older horses, such as La Tosca, Montana, Longstreet, Raceland, Banquet, Madstone, Picknicker, Stockton, Kingston, Pessara, Cassius, and Loantaka. All these are of the highest class. The three-year-old division will not be lacking in quality with such as Morello, Lady Violet, King Lee, Sir Francis, Sir Walter, Helen Nichols, Lawless, G. W. Johnson, The Baron, and others of that class to draw from. The two-year-old division cannot be written of yet, except to say that the American-bred youngsters will have to compete with about fifty English-bred ones, and the test will afford a good illustration of the relative merits represented. The English youngsters are, in the main, of royally good breeding, and no valid excuses can be made for them if they do not hold their own. Mr. John A. Morris, of Westchester, and Mr. Marcus Daly, of Montana, have the bulk of the English-bred youngsters. Another feature of the turf season in the East this year will be the coming of about one hundred horses from the Pacific slope, and representing from ten to twelve owners. Mr. W. O'Brien McDonough, who paid $150,000 for Ormonde, will be one of these, and Mr. Charles Fair will be another.

FORM IN BOWLING.

BY AUGUSTUS E. VOGELL.

BOWLING has now taken its place in the front rank of winter sports. Beginning with the turning of the leaves into their autumnal coloring, and lasting until the trees take the dark green of a new generation, or from the 1st of October to the 1st of June, it has a six months' lease of life. Unlike its other winter contemporaries, skating, tobogganing, curling, and ice-boating, it does not depend upon the elements to permit of its enjoyment by its patrons, but simply on the recurrence of the season. During that interval the clashing of the pins, the swift grating of the ball as it goes spinning down the alley, send forth echoes which to the initiated are almost as familiar as the sleigh-bells in the parks, and to be heard at almost every turn. In this city, Brooklyn, and Jersey City there is a small army—65,000—of bowlers, nearly all of whom belong to some particular bowling club, which in turn is a member of one or more of the numerous bowling unions, leagues, or tournaments. There are, all told, in the places named over forty tournaments, which, combined with the semiannual or sub-tournaments, bring the number of tournaments decided during the six months to about seventy-five. Prizes equal to $40,000 are offered and won during that time. The game is as ancient as any of the games or sports seen on track or field during the summer months. Therefore more than a note as to its origin seems superfluous. The game of bowls is of English birth, but the game of ninepins, its half-brother, is of German parentage, while the game of tenpins, or the bowling game of to-day, is purely American. Another interval must be passed over hurriedly, *i. e.*, from its inception on Bowling Green, during the early Dutch settlement, when the game was played on a level green during the summer, until it began to be played under cover, that is, in a modification of the present bowling-alley. At that period there was scarcely a public-house below Broome Street which did not contain alleys.

FIG. 1.—CORRECT POSITION.

The game went into great disrepute during the "sixties," and was prohibited in New York and Vermont through State legislation. Then the American or tenpin game, which was practically the same game with another pin added, came into existence. From the sixties to the eighties there were many team matches between rival clubs, and the sport much indulged in after the present fashion of billiards and pool. The first open tournament, and the pioneer, was the "Grote," which was afterward followed by that of the "Golden Oar," the "Pomeroy," and in 1890 by the organization of the American Amateur Bowling Union of the United States, which claims full jurisdiction over the game, and brings the sport up to the commencement of its present popularity. For the past three years its advancement has been one continuous succession of leaps. There are two purely bowling organizations that stand prominently first in the public estimation, the Phœnix and the Spartans. The Phœnix are the present holders of the American Amateur Bowling Union's championship, and Captain H. W. Cowperthwait, who has probably the highest average for the games played during the past five years in tournaments—180—has a style of delivery which is generally conceded to combine the best interpretation of the game. The pictures accompanying this article illustrate the best positions. In the first is shown the correct pose. Here it will be observed that the body inclines well over at the hips, the knees are bent slightly, and the feet in the position of a soldier at parade rest. The ball is gripped firmly in the right or left hand according to the habit of the player, and with the disengaged one is balanced and gauged with an imaginary point. Good players, notwithstanding reflections to the contrary, use, in gauging a ball previous to its delivery, a line of vision between some particular point on a certain pin, usually just to the right or left side of the head pin, and the centre of the ball. The ball as held in the correct position is evenly divided by an imaginary perpendicular line extending from the bowler's chin to the floor, and is the beginning of the line or the course which has been mapped out. The hand which grips the ball is turned palm outward, thus avoiding the necessity of an outward twist of the arm previous to casting, when, as shown in the second illustration, a straight ball from the side or the centre of the alley is played. If a curved or twisted ball is bowled, the hand of delivery is left as in Fig. 3, with the back of the hand to the front, but which at the time the arm is swinging is turned as in Fig. 2, the hand being turned at the last moment in order to get the twist or curve.

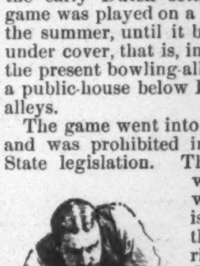
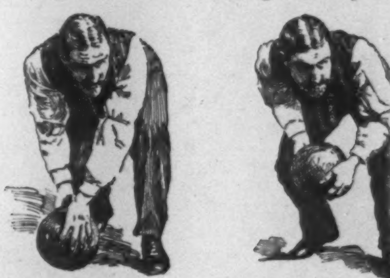


FIG. 2.—STRAIGHT BALL.

FIG. 3.—CURVED OR TWISTED BALL.

FIG. 4.—INCORRECT POSITION.

A bowler usually takes a run before casting of from five to ten feet; it is therefore necessary that the feet should be in a good position for a quick start. Should they be in the position as shown in the fourth illustration, it necessitates a step to the rear, which in turn frequently changes the gauge of the ball. A good bowler is very careful about a variation in his position, and tries to hold the ball both in the run and swing of the arm as nearly plumb with the line sighted as possible. The body being bent, gives momentum as it straightens up to the ball when it is lowered to the side and the swing begun. It is in the swing that the force required for the casting is obtained. After the gauge has been fixed, the body is raised until the arm is at full length, the ball starting at a gentle swing, meanwhile gathering speed at each movement until the force required is secured, then with a short run the body is bent slightly at the hips and knees, the ball brought down to a level with the alley and cast instantly, thus preventing lofting or bounding. The arm while in reaction should never describe more than a quarter circle, and never reach a point higher than a line parallel with the shoulder. The incorrect pose is given in illustration 4, while the awkward positions are those shown in 5 and 6. Notwithstanding the fact that positions 5 and 6 are exceedingly ungraceful, many expert bowlers adopt that style, and their scores do not seem to be greatly affected.



FIGS. 5 AND 6.—AWKWARD POSITIONS.

The seventh illustration gives another correct position; the same general principles apply to this style as in Fig. 1, the only difference being that the ball is held in the centre of the body at the chest instead of at the waist, and the body held erect. In both illustrations the fact is demonstrated clearly that the focus point for an imaginary line is either the nose or chin, both being on a line with one another; either point may be taken, and proves that the point of vantage is an optical instead of a stationary one. Some experts in the game, however, do use as a marker a stationary object, either by means of one of their feet or a particular spot upon the alley. Fig. 8 gives the reader an idea of the old style of bowling before the adoption of balls with grooves and holes, and when the ball was held and cast in and from the palm of the hand. In the casting a great deal depends upon the proper moment to let go and the pose of the body when the ball leaves the hand, as in shot and hammer contests; the retraction at the time of release is frequently followed by placing the player in very awkward situations. Besides, an improper cast means either a lofted or gutter ball, *i. e.*, one that bounces upon the alley, or one which goes off to one side before reaching its destination, either of which is detrimental to the player's chances with the pins. As in baseball, a bowler can give a curve or twist to a ball cast after having gained mastery over it. The knack of giving a double impulse to a ball while on its way down the alley, a forward and axial one, known as "twisters," is a personal secret with bowlers.

FIG. 7.—CORRECT POSITION.

FIG. 8.—OLD STYLE.

Speed is one of the necessary requisites for a twisting or spinning ball; unless speed is given to the ball, the secondary action or the revolving upon its axis will throw the ball off its regular course. A twist is obtained in two ways: first, simply by a sudden and sharp inward movement of the wrist; and second, from both the fingers and wrist. A twisted ball is probably the most destructive of all possible shots when properly played. A curve is placed upon a ball in much the same way as a pitcher would execute it, by means of the elevation or lowering of the fingers; some acquire the trick by a simple movement of the wrist. Now as to ways of bowling, there are the straight ball, either side of centre, the out or in curved ball, the twisted ball, and the cross-alley ball. The cross-alley ball is often used in picking off single pins, or in attempts at difficult spares. The twister is generally the first or strike ball, when the player tries for all the pins. The straight, the curved, and cross-alley balls are also frequently played as a strike ball, and with fairly good success. A ball rolled at a moderate rate of speed is usually the most destructive, for a high rate will often cause it to cut through the pins, leaving some standing in very difficult bridges, while a slow ball will not have force enough to do good work, and is productive of very nearly the same results.

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